CHAPEL HYMNS:

A SELECTION OF HYMNS,

WITH

APPROPRIATE TUNES;

ADAPTED TO

FESTIVAL OR OTHER SOCIAL RELIGIOUS MEETINGS.

BY LOWELL MASON.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY T. R. MARVIN,
No. 24 Congress Street.
1842.

M. Grant.

Holyoke.

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Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1842,

BY T. R. MARVIN,

in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the District of Massachusetts.

KIDDER AND WRIGHT, MUSIC PRINTERS, BOSTON.

THE great interest felt in the subject of religion at the present time, and the character of the frequent meetings for religious exercises and efforts, seem to call for a style of singing somewhat different from common Psalmody. To supply this want is the object of the following sheets. The Hymns (selected from various authors,) are of an evangelical and experimental kind, suited to a revived state of religious feeling; the tunes are written in a style so simple and easy, and the several parts kept within so limited a compass, that they may be performed with but little effort by the people at large. In most of our Vestry meetings there are now many who having enjoyed early instruction in the elements of music, will be able to read them with ease. If these will take the lead, others will soon be able to unite with them, and thus the singing become general.

As the Hymns (with but two or three exceptions) are such as are not found in the 'Church Psalmody,' they may be advantageously used as supplementary to that work.

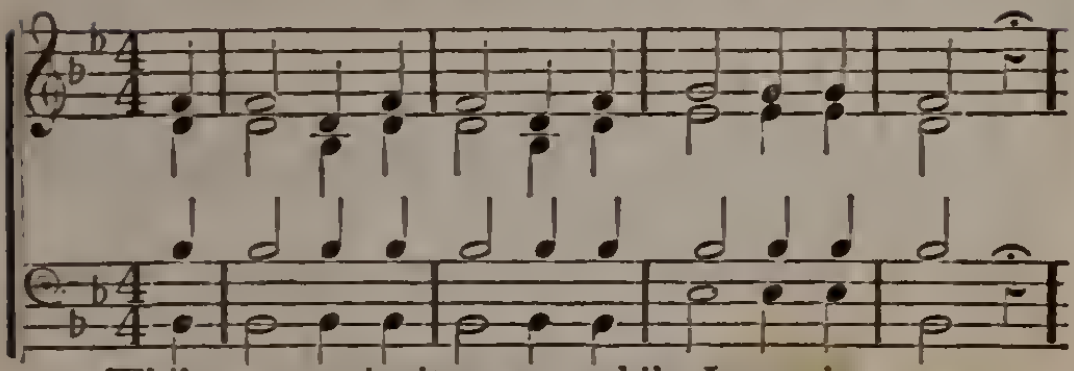
BOSTON, May, 1842.

THE following is a list of tunes, which though not found in this work, are very generally employed in vestry and other social religious meetings. These will be appropriate to all those Hymns to which no particular music has been adapted.

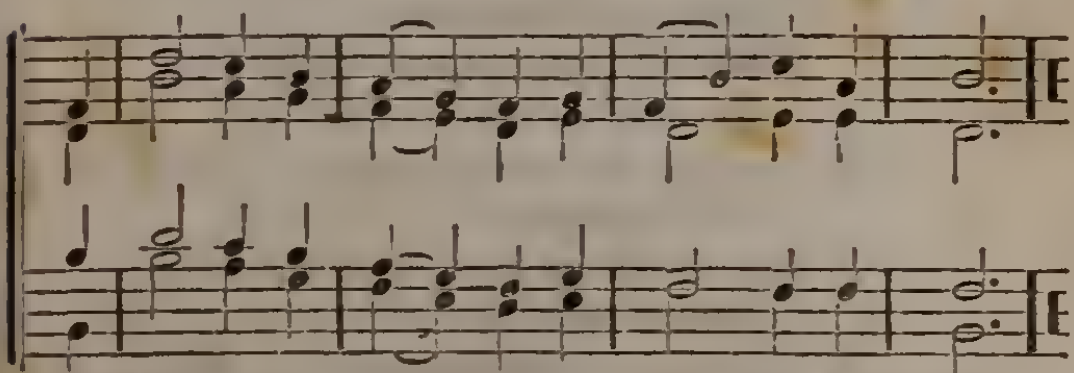
L. M.	C. M.	S. M.	
Old Hundred	Marlow	Boylston	Nuremburg, 7s
Hamburg	Medfield	St. Thomas	Sicily, 7s, or 8s & 7s.
Duke Street	Dedham	Olmutz	
Uxbridge	Arlington	Dover	Greenville. 8s & 7s. Double.
Ward	St. Martin's	Pentonville.	
Hebron	Downs		Missionary Hymn
Windham.	Balerma		Amsterdam
	Grafton		Aithlone, C.P.M.
	Litchfield		
	Peterboro'.		

CHAPEL HYMNS.

1 While mercy invites you, while Jesus is near.

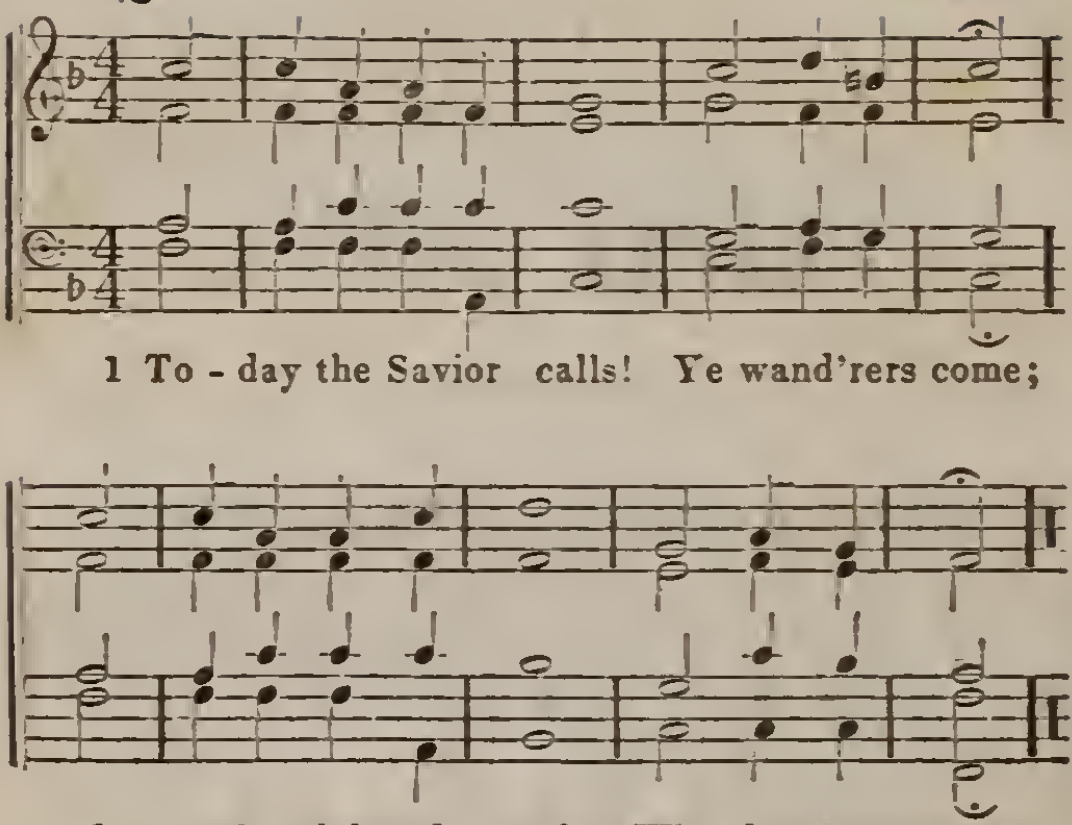


1 While mer-cy invites you, while Jesus is near,
2 Sal - va-tion is offer'd, ac - cept it to - day,
3 The love that now urges, if once it de - part,
4 While mer-cy invites you, while Jesus is near,



A-wake from your slumbers ye sin-ners and hear.
Oh, quench not the Spir - it, nor grieve him a - way.
May nev-er re - turn to thy grief - broken heart.
A-wake from your slumbers ye sin-ners, and hear.

2



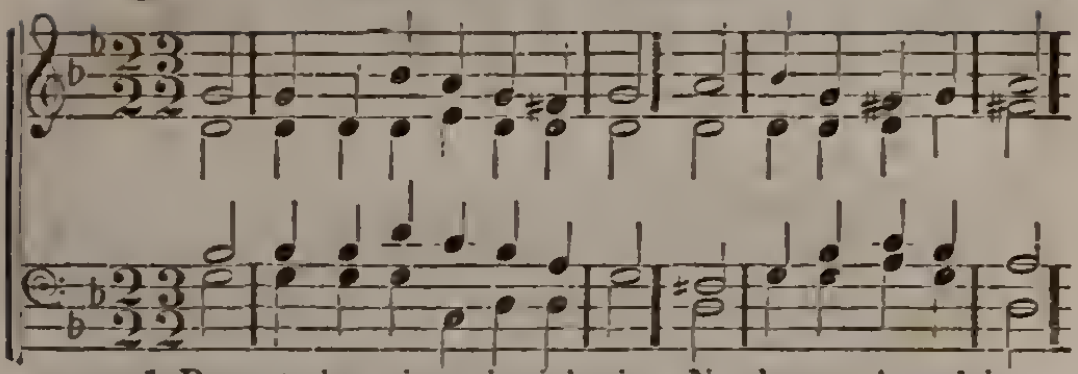
1 To-day the Savior calls!
Ye wand'rers come;
O, ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam.

2 To-day the Savior calls!
Oh, hear him now:
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

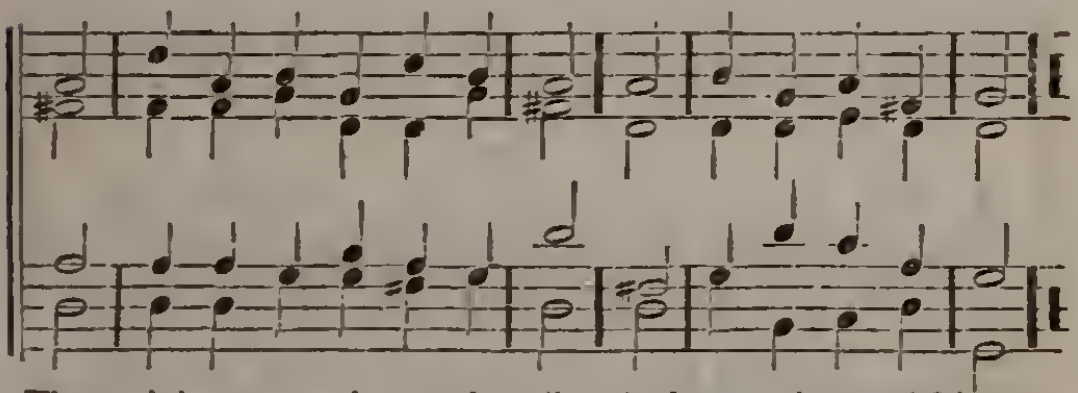
3 To-day the Savior calls!
For refuge fly;
The storm of vengeance falls;
And death is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day!
Yield to his pow'r:
Oh, grieve him not away;
'Tis mercy's hour.

3 **Immediate Repentance.**



1 Repent, the voice celestial cries, Nor longer dare delay;



The soul that scorns the mandate dies, And meets the wrathful day.

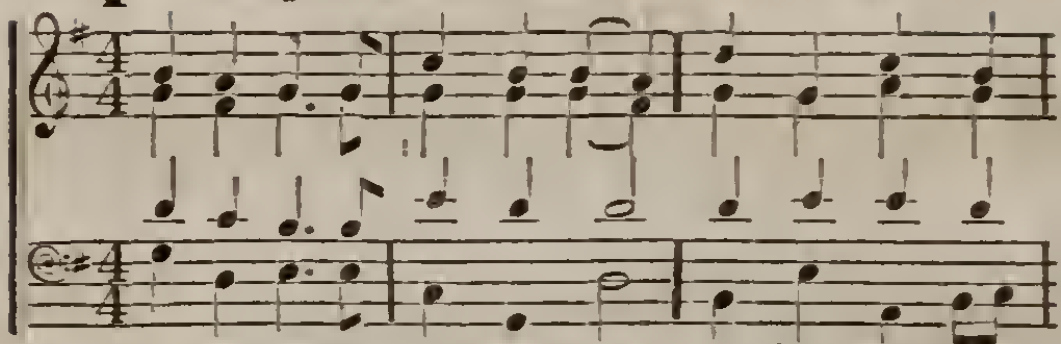
2 No more the sovereign eye of God
O'erlooks the crimes of men;
His heralds now are sent abroad,
To warn the world of sin.

3 O sinner in his presence bow,
And all your guilt confess;
Accept the offer'd Savior now,
Nor trifle with his grace.

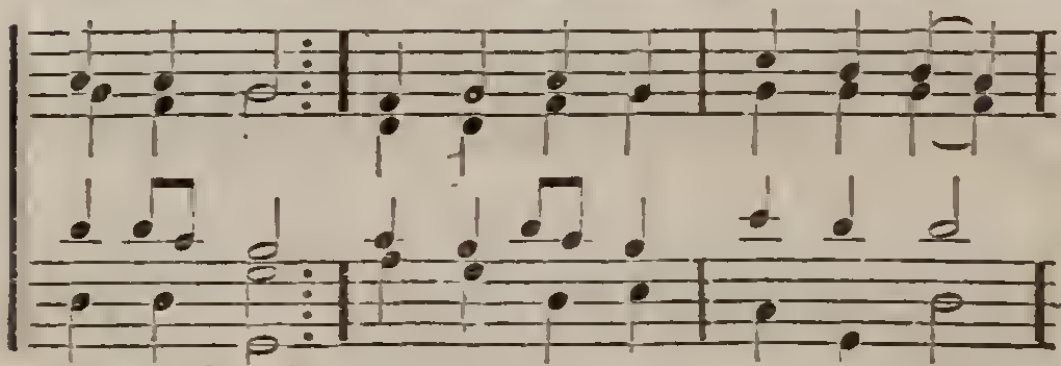
4 Soon will the awful trumpet sound,
And call you to his bar;
For mercy knows th' appointed bound,
And yields to vengeance there.

5 Oh, hear the Savior's gracious call,
While he prolongs your days;
Now yield your heart, and prostrate fall,
And weep, and love, and praise.

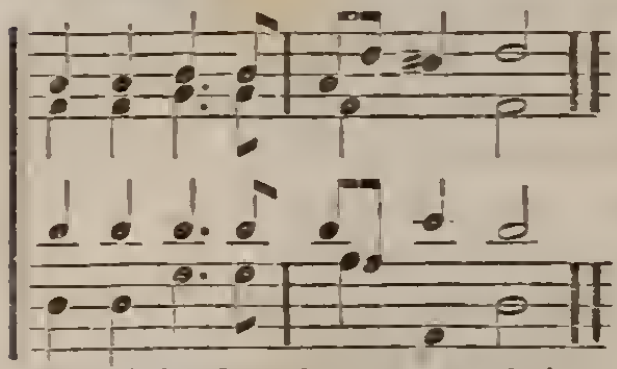
4 **Compel them to come in.** Luke 14 : 23.



1 Lord, how large thy bounties are, Tender, gracious,
What a feast dost thou pre-pare, And what in - vi -
Ev' - ry heart to thee in-cline : Now compel them



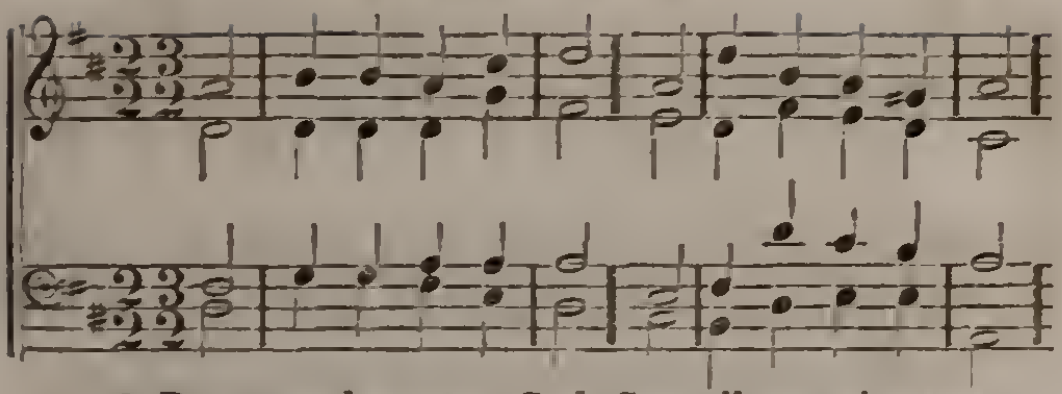
sinner's friend?
- ta-tions send!
to come in.
} Now ful - fil thy great de-sign,



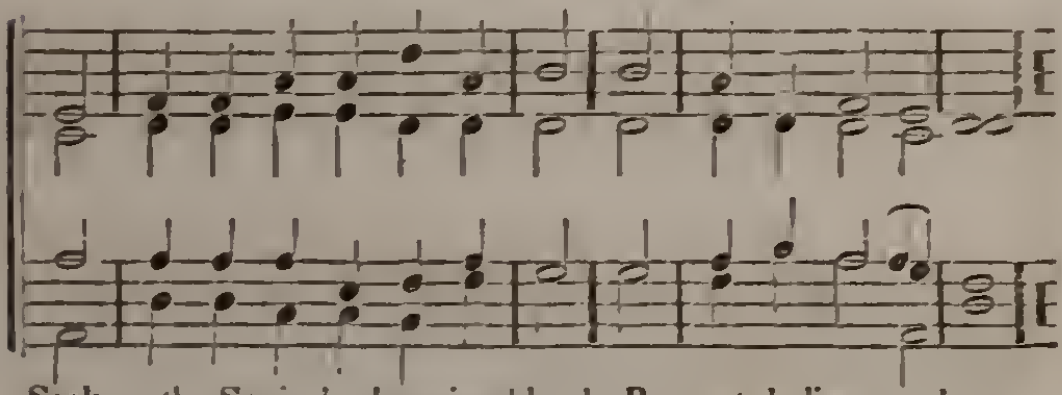
Who didst first the message bring:

2 Rushing on the downward road,
Sinners no compulsion need;
While they turn from heaven and God,
See they run with rapid speed:
Stretch that conquering arm of thine,
Once stretch'd out to bleed for sin;
Ev'ry heart to thee incline,
Now compel them to come in.

5 **The Sinner Called.**



1 Return and come to God; Cast all your sins away;



Seek ye the Savior's cleansing blood; Re-pent, believe, o-bey.

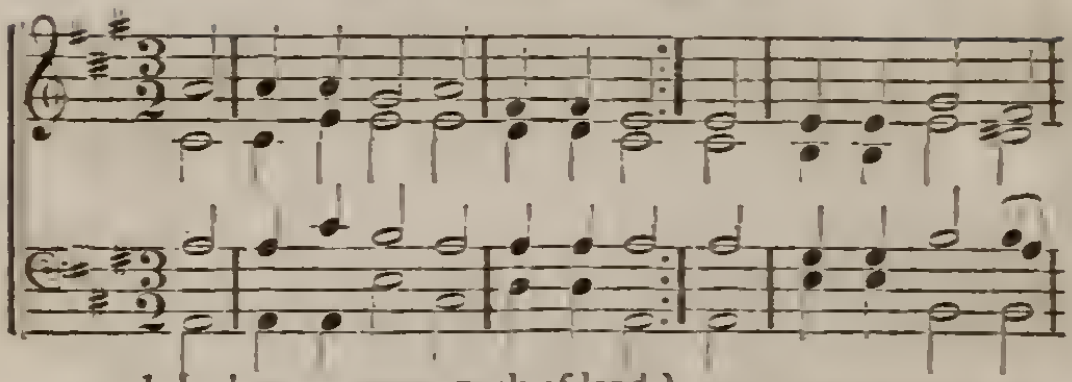
1 Return and come to God;
  Cast all your sins away;
Seek ye the Savior's cleansing blood;
  Repent, believe, obey.

2 Say not ye cannot come —
  For Jesus bled, and died,
That none who ask in humble faith
  Should ever be denied.

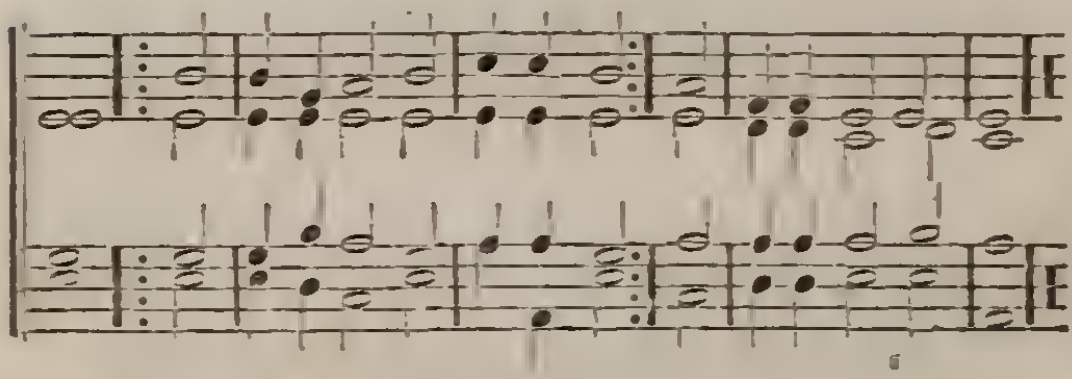
3 Say not ye will not come —
  'Tis God vouchsafes to call,
And fearful shall their end be found,
  On whom his wrath shall fall.

4 Come then whoever will,
  Come while 'tis called to-day:
Flee to the Savior's cleansing blood;
  Repent, believe, obey.

6 Serious Prospect of Eternity.



1 Lo! on a narrow neck of land
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand;
Yet how in-sen-si-



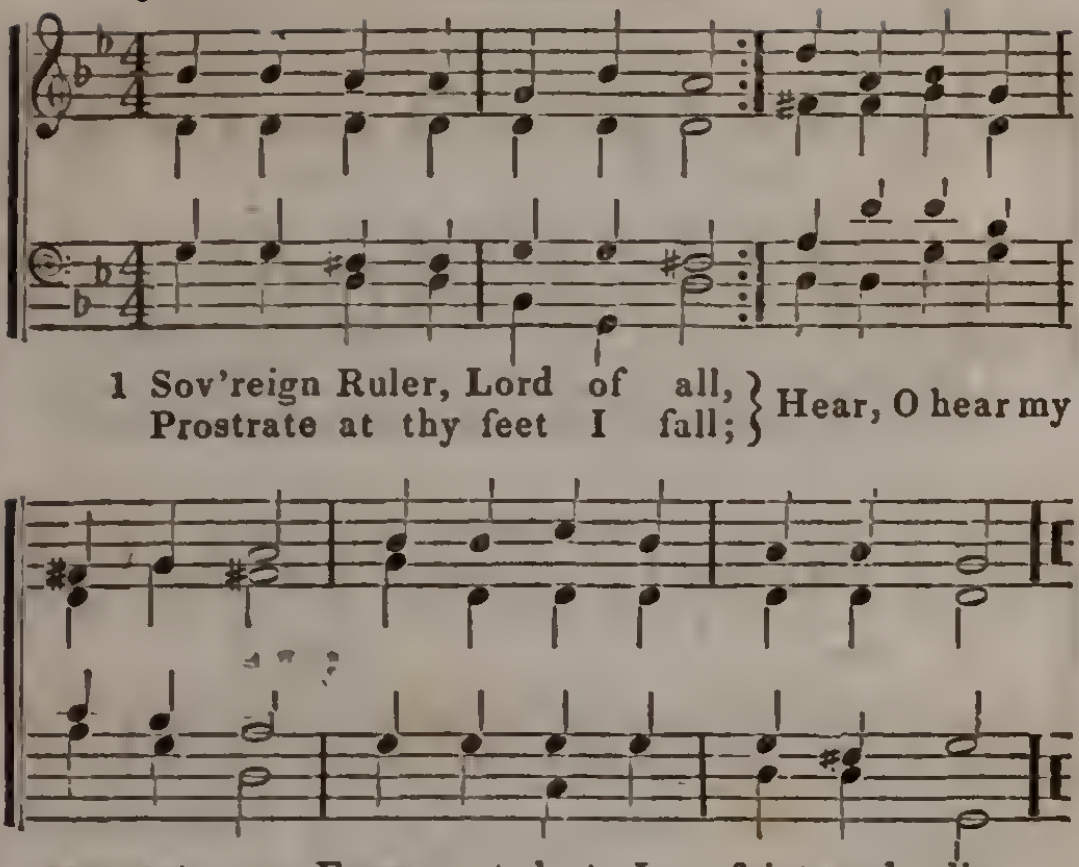
ble! A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to yon heav'nly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

2 O God, my inmost soul convert,
And deeply in my thoughtless heart
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And save me ere it be too late:
Wake me to righteousness.

3 Before me, placed in bright array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?

4 Be this my one great business here,
With holy trembling, holy fear,
To make my calling sure!
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure!

7 **Confession.**



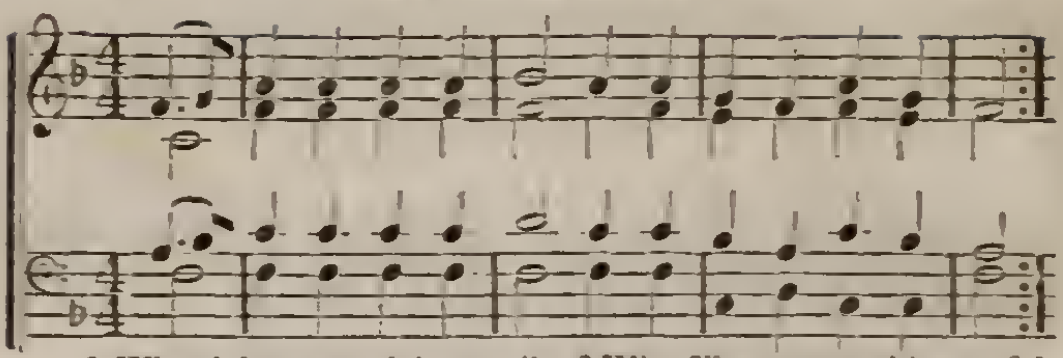
1 Sov'reign Ruler, Lord of all,
Prostrate at thy feet I fall;
Hear, oh hear my earnest cry,
Frown not, lest I faint and die.

2 Vilest of the sons of men,
Chief of sinners I have been;
Oft abused thee to thy face,
Trampled on thy richest grace.

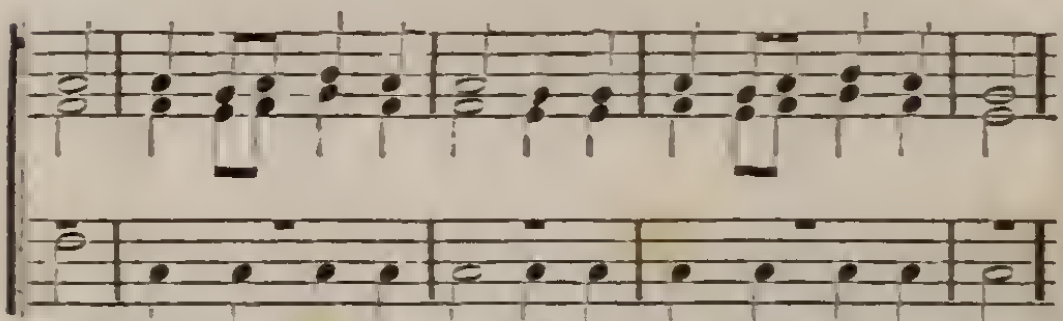
3 Justly might thy vengeful dart
Pierce this bleeding, broken heart;
Justly might thy angry breath
Blast me in eternal death.

4 Jesus, save my dying soul;
Make my broken spirit whole;
Humbled in the dust I lie,
Savior, leave me not to die.

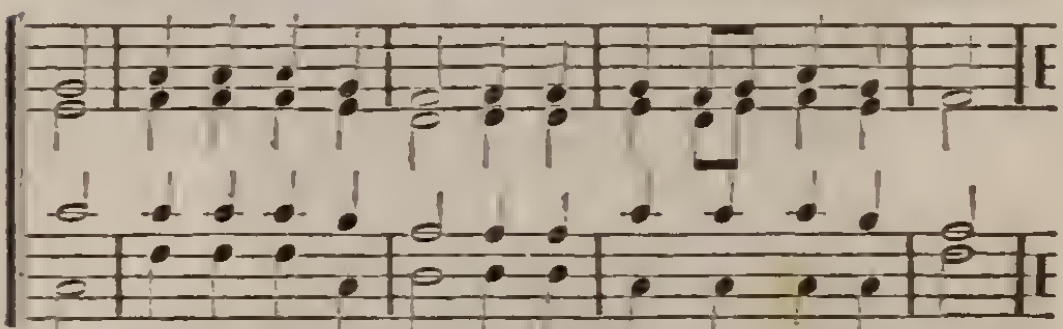
8 **Conviction of Sin.**



1 Why sinks my soul desponding? Why fill my eyes with tears?
While na-ture all surrounding, The smile of beauty wears.



Why bur-den'd still with sor-row Is ev' - ry lab'ring thought?



Each vis-ion that I bor-row With gloom and sadness fraught?

2 The pleasures that deceiv'd me,
My soul no more can charm;
Of rest they have bereav'd me,
And fill'd me with alarm;
The objects I have cherish'd,
Are empty as the wind;
My earthly joys have perish'd,
What comfort shall I find?

3 If inward still inquiring
I turn my searching eye,
Or upward now aspiring,
I raise my feeble cry,
No heav'nly light is beaming
To cheer my troubled breast,
No ray of comfort gleaming
To give my spirit rest.

4 My soul, from this dread anguish
Is there no refuge nigh?
'Tis guilt that makes thee languish,
And leaves thee thus to die:
Renounce thy sin and folly
Before the throne of grace,
And make the Lord, most holy,
Thy strength and righteousness.

Indwelling Sin. S. M. **Olmutz.**

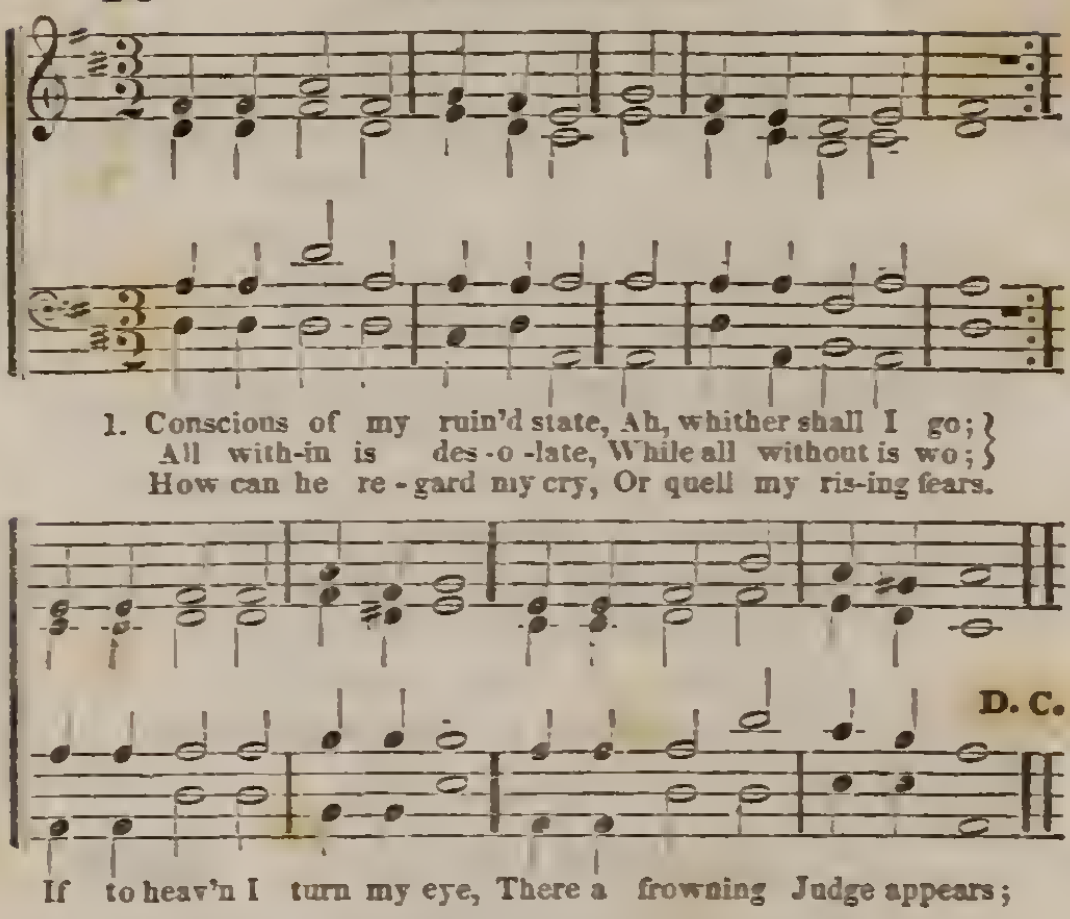
1 Astonish'd and distress'd,
I turn mine eyes within;
My heart with loads of guilt oppress'd,
The seat of ev'ry sin.

2 What crowds of evil thoughts,
What vile affections there!
Distrust, presumption, artful guile,
Pride, envy, slavish fear.

3 Almighty King of saints,
These tyrant lusts subdue;
Dispel the darkness from my mind,
And all my pow'rs renew.

4 This done, my cheerful voice
Shall loud hosannas raise;
My soul shall glow with gratitude,
My lips proclaim thy praise.

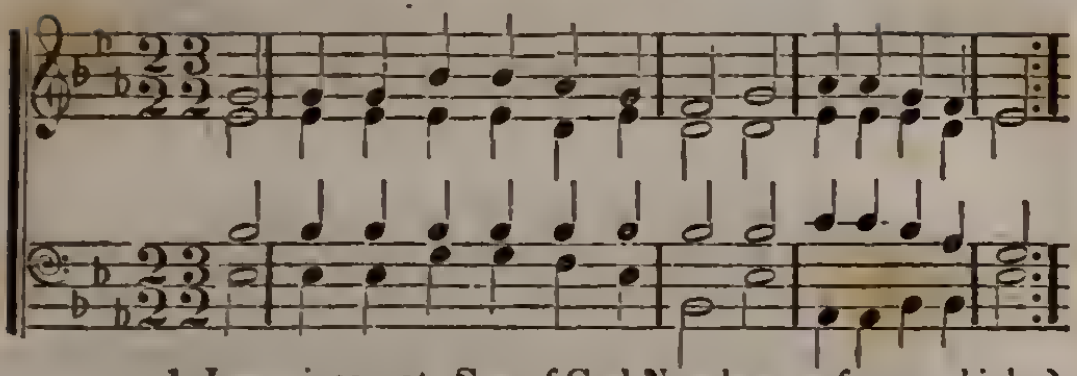
10 **Conviction of Sin.**


1. Conscious of my ruin'd state, Ah, whither shall I go;
All with-in is des-o-late, While all without is wo;
How can he re-gard my cry, Or quell my ris-ing fears.
D. C.
If to heav'n I turn my eye, There a frowning Judge appears;

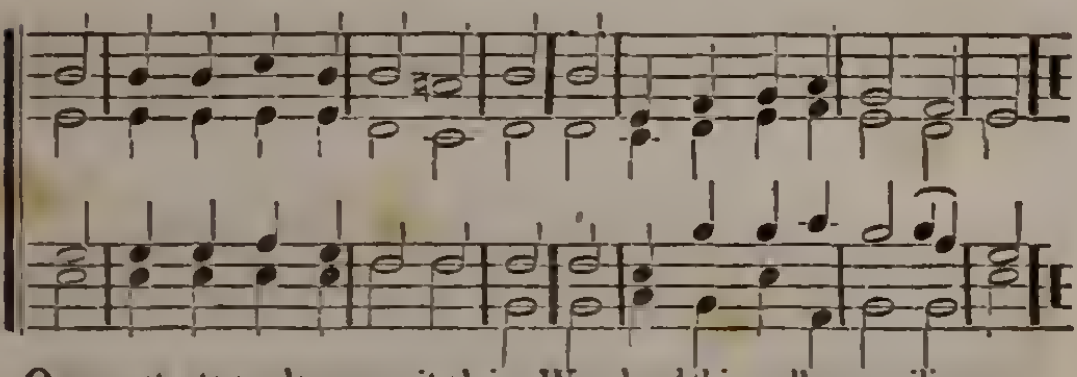
2 Oft have I the Spirit griev'd,
So kindly sent to me;
And that word have disbeliev'd,
That would have set me free:
All the blessings God has given,
All the warnings he has sent,
Have not led my soul to heav'n,
Or caus'd me to repent.

3 Guilty soul, what wilt thou do?
Polluted still thou art;
God is faithful, just and true,
But thou art vile in heart:
Yield thee now; no more repine;
Own the justice of thy doom;
To the Lord thyself resign,
For see, there yet is room.

11 **Prayer for Pardoning Mercy.**



1 Jesus, incarnate Son of God, Now hear us from on high;
Oh, seal our pardon by thy blood, To thee, to thee we cry:

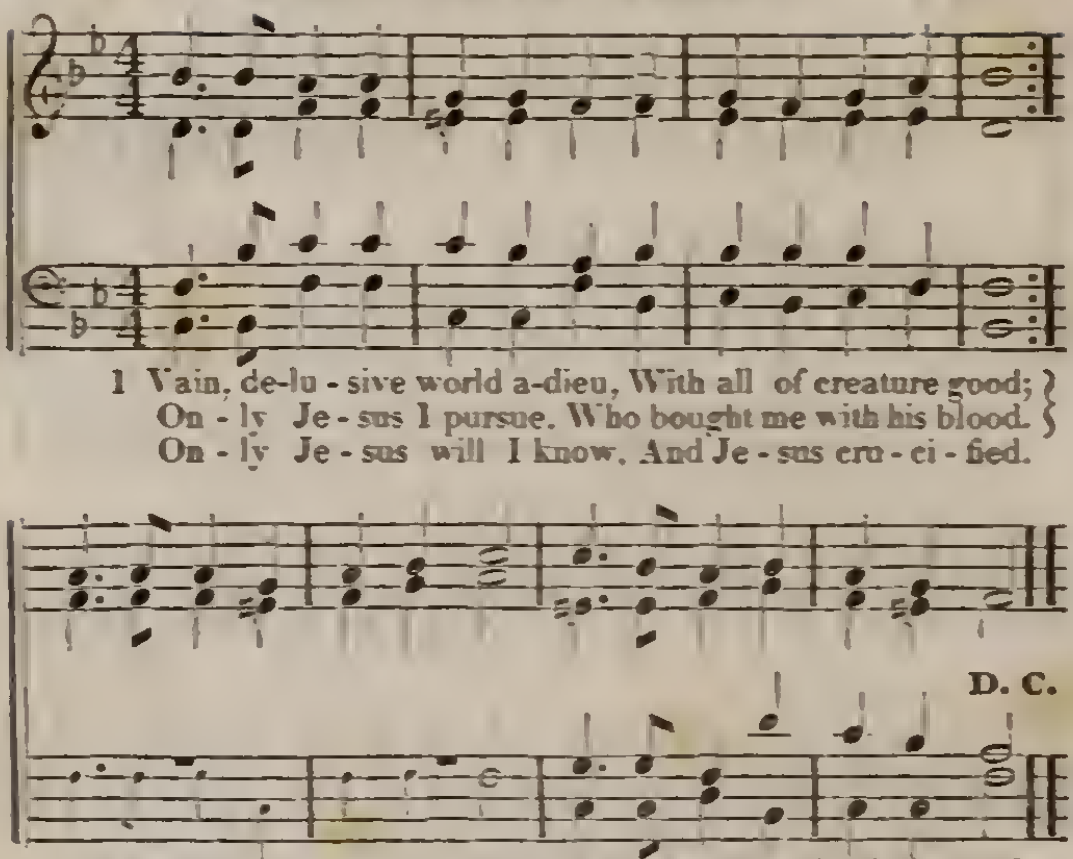


Our prostrate souls no merit claim; We plead thine all-prevailing name.

2 Thy law is holy, just and good,
It wakes our guilt and fear;
And sin has risen like a flood:
To whelm us in despair:
We, guilty, fall before thy throne,
Thou, Lord, art righteous, thou alone.

3 Though ruin'd and defil'd with sin,
Our souls would turn and live;
Lord, if thou wilt, now make us clean,
And all our sins forgive:
Thy righteousness, thy bleeding love,
Can ev'ry stain of guilt remove.

12 **Christ and him Crucified.**


1 Vain, de-lu - sive world a-dieu, With all of creature good;
On - ly Je - sus I pursue. Who bought me with his blood.
On - ly Je - sus will I know, And Je - sus cru - ci - fied.
D. C.
All thy pleasure I fore-go; All thy wealth and all thy pride,

2 Turning to my rest again,
The Savior I adore;
He relieves my grief and pain,
And bids me weep no more.
Rivers of salvation flow
From his head, his hands, his side:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

3 Him to know is life and peace,
And pleasure without end:
This is all my happiness,
On Jesus to depend—
Daily in his grace to grow,
In his favor to abide:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

13 **Seeking the Lord. C. M.**

1 Ensnared too long my heart has been,
In folly's hurtful ways;
Oh, may I now, at length, begin
To hear what wisdom says.

2 'Tis Jesus, from the mercy-seat,
Invites me to his rest;
He calls poor sinners to his feet,
To make them truly blest.

3 Approach, my soul, to wisdom's gate,
While now 'tis called to-day;
No one who watches there and waits,
Shall e'er be turned away.

4 He will not let me seek in vain,
For all who trust his word
Shall everlasting life obtain,
And favor from the Lord.

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14 **Resolving to go to Christ. C. M.**

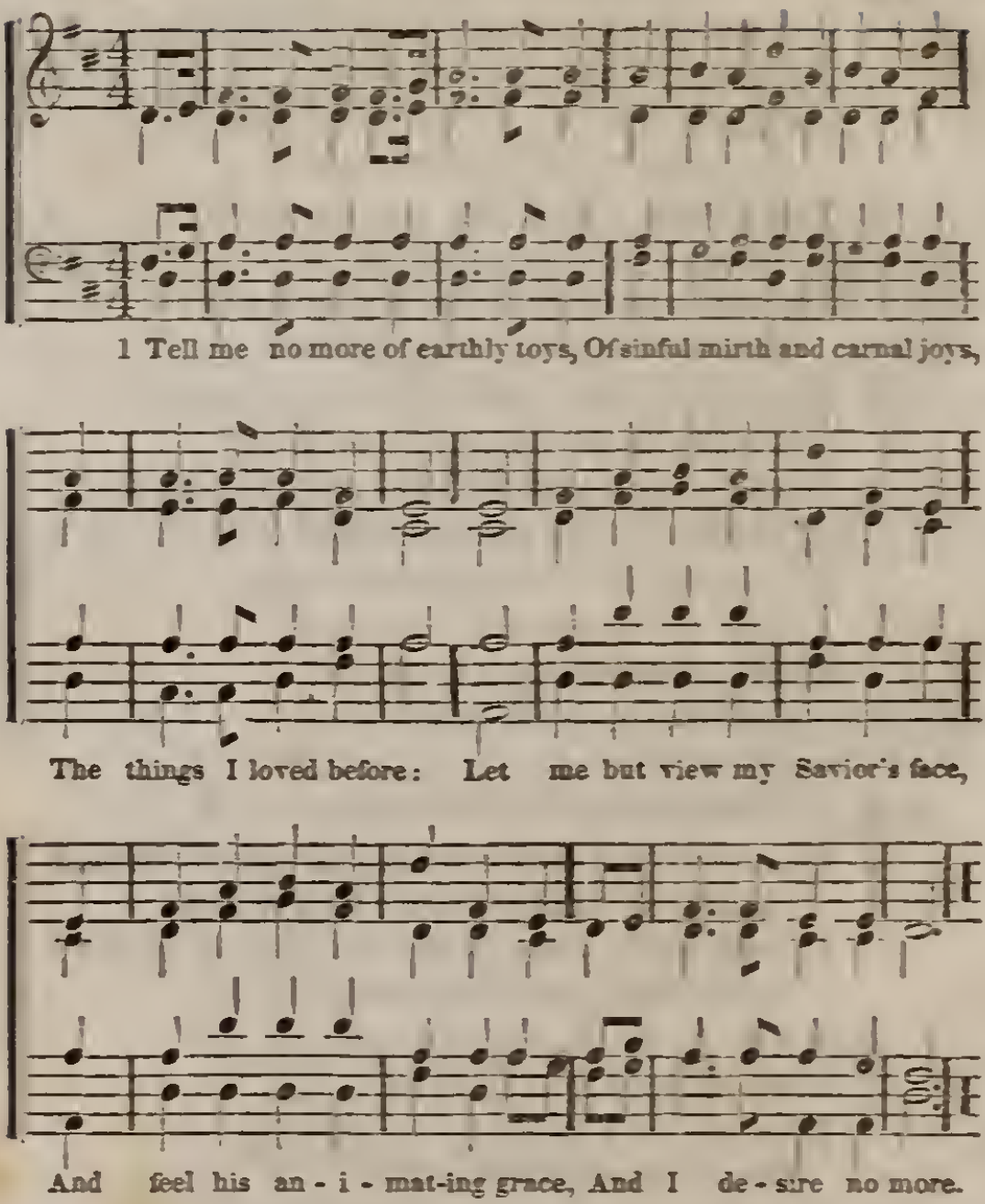
1 Come, trembling sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve:—
Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd,
And make this last resolve;

2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 Prostrate I'll fall before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone
Without his sovereign grace.

2 Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there."

15 World Renounced.


1 Tell me no more of earthly toys, Of sinful mirth and carnal joys,
The things I loved before: Let me but view my Savior's face,
And feel his an - i - mat-ing grace, And I de - sire no more.

2 Tell me no more of fame and wealth,
Of careless ease or blooming health,
For they have all their snares:
But let me know my sins forgiven,
And see my name enrolled in heaven,
And I am free from cares.

3 Tell me no more of lofty towers,
Delightful gardens, fragrant bowers,
For these are trifling things:
The little room for me designed,
Will suit as well my humble mind,
As palaces of kings.

4 Tell me no more of crowding guests,
Of gaudy dress, and sumptuous feasts;
Extravagance and waste:
My little table, only spread
With wholesome herbs and wholesome bread,
Will better suit my taste.

5 Give me a Bible in my hand,
A heart to read and understand
That sure, unerring word —
I'd urge no company to stay,
But sit alone from day to day,
And converse hold with God.

---

16 **Sin Lamented. S. M.**

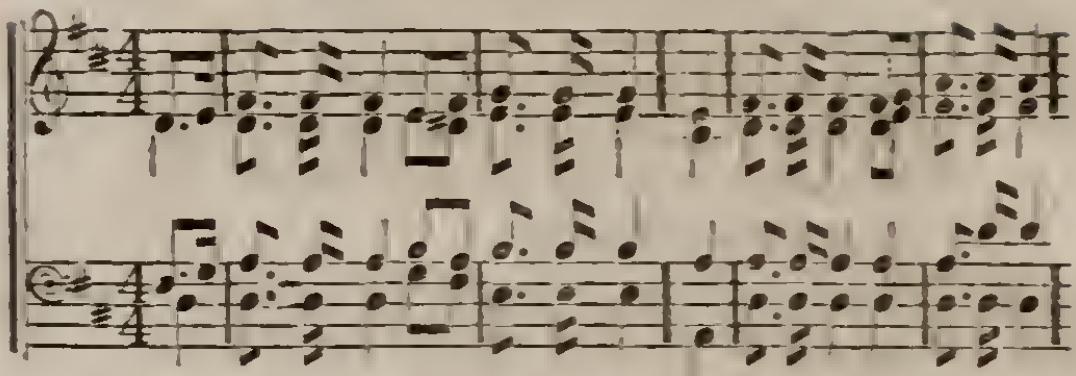
1 Ah ! whither should I go,
Burdened, and sick, and faint;
To whom should I my troubles show,
And pour out my complaint?

2 My Savior bids me come;
Ah ! why do I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from him I stay.

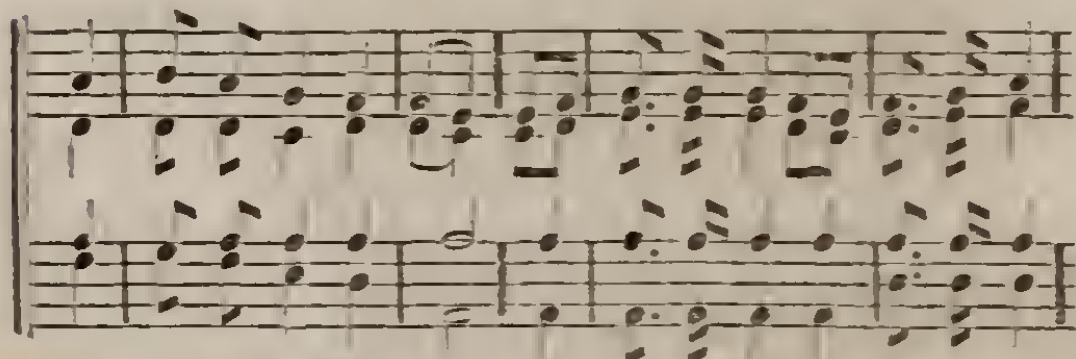
3 What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part?
Which will not let the Savior take
Possession of my heart.

4 Jesus ! the hind'rance show,
Which I have feared to see;
And let me now consent to know
What keeps me back from thee,

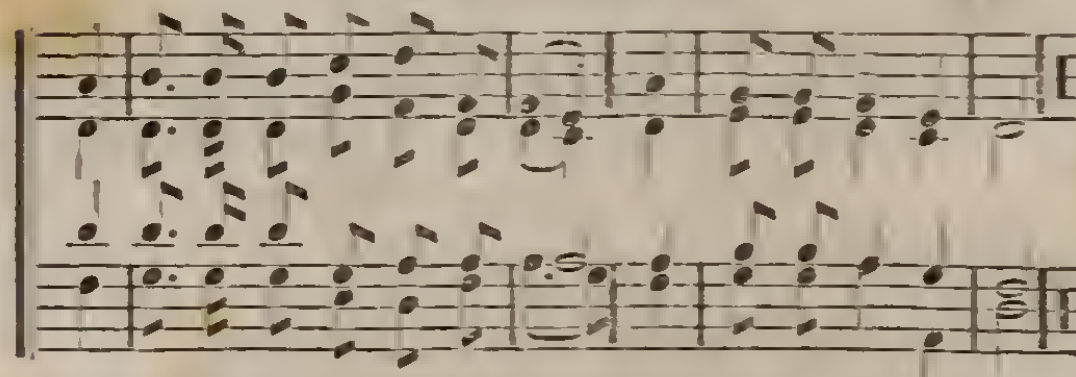
17 **The New Birth.**



1. Awak'd by Sinai's awful sound, My soul in bonds of guilt I found,



Expos'd to endless wo; E-ter-nal truth did loud proclaim,



"The sinner must be born a - gain," Or else to ru - in go.

2 How did the law its thunders roll,
While guilt lay heavy on my soul,
A vast oppressive load!
All human aid I saw was vain;
The sinner "must be born again,"
Or drink the wrath of God.

3 I heard the saints with rapture tell,
How Jesus conquer'd death and hell,
To bring salvation near:
Yet did the dreadful truth remain;
The sinner "must be born again,"
Or sink in deep despair.

4 But while I thus in anguish lay,
The bleeding Savior pass'd that way,
And felt his pity move:
The sinner once by justice slain,
Now by his grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love.

---

18 **Prayer for Repentance. S. M.**

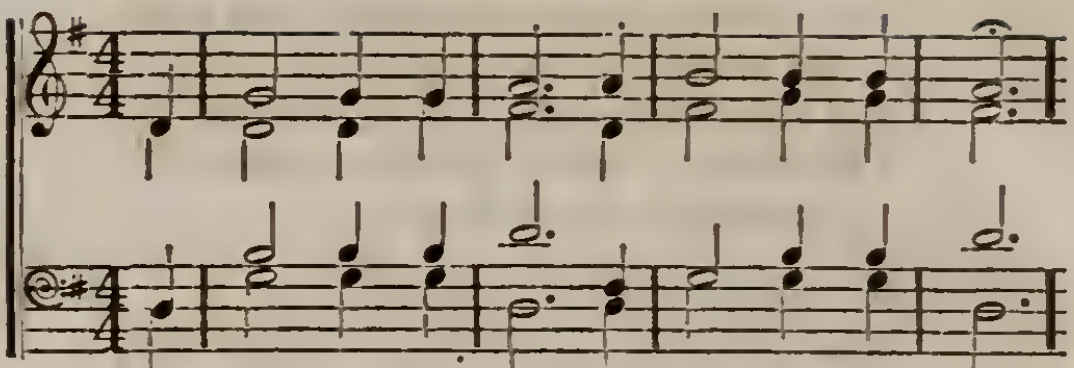
1 Lord, help me to repent!
With all my idols part;
And to thy gracious eye present
A humble, contrite heart!

2 A heart with grief oppress'd,
For having griev'd my God:
A troubled heart that cannot rest,
Till sprinkled with thy blood!

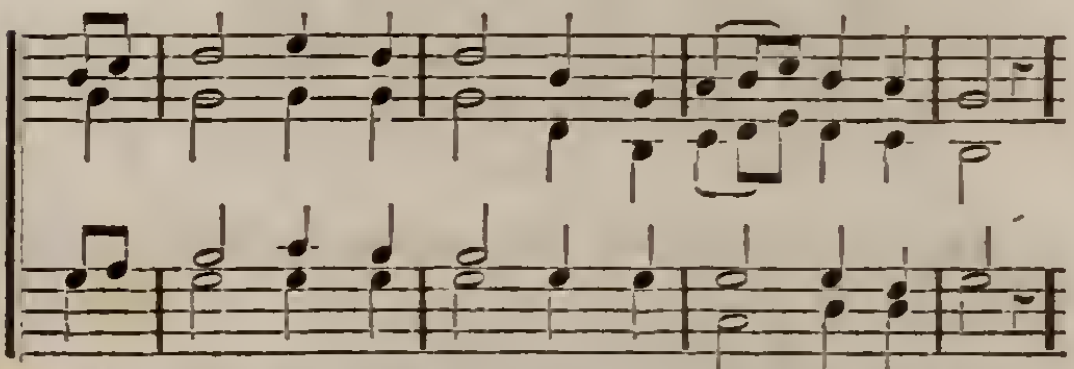
3 Jesus, on me bestow,
The penitent desire;
With true sincerity of wo
My aching breast inspire.

4 With softening pity look,
And melt my hardness down;
Strike, with thy love's resistless stroke,
And break this heart of stone.

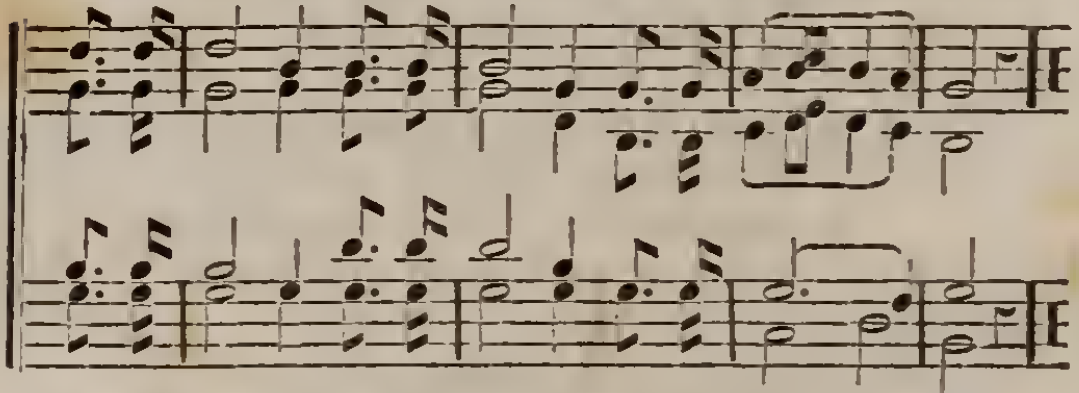
19 **Heavenly Riches.**



1 Oh, tell me no more, Of this world's vain store,



The time for such tri-fling for me now is o'er!



Hal-le-lu-jah! Halle-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu----jah!

2 A country I've found,
Where true joys abound,
And songs of salvation forever resound.

3 The souls that believe,
And pardon receive,
To glory are travelling forever to live.

4 Then let us not stray,
In Satan's dark way;
But follow our Savior to regions of day.

20 **Blessings of the Gospel.**

1 O Jesus our Lord,
Thy name be ador'd,
For all the rich blessings convey'd through thy word.

2 In spirit we trace
The wonders of grace;
And joyful unite in a concert of praise.

3 Thrice happy are they,
Who hear and obey,
And share in the blessings of this gospel day.

4 This blessing is mine
Through favor divine,
But oh, my Redeemer, the glory be thine.

---

21 **Invitation.**

1 The trumpet of God
Is sounding abroad
In language of mercy, through Jesus the Lord.

2 The Ancient of Days,
His glory displays,
And shines on each chosen with cherishing rays.

3 Ye sinners draw nigh!
Oh, why will ye die?
Despise not the riches of glory on high.

---

22 **Ye must be born again. S. M.**

1 This solemn truth regard!
Hear all ye sons of men;
For Christ, the Savior hath declared,
"Ye must be born again."

2 Whate'er your birth or blood,
The sinner's boast is vain:
Thus saith the glorious Son of God,
"Ye must be born again."

3 Our nature all depraved;
The heart enslaved to sin;
Without a change we can't be saved.
"Ye must be born again."

4 Thy Spirit, Lord, impart,
Oh, breathe on sinners slain;
Bear witness now in every heart,
That we are born again.

23 **My Spirit shall not always strive. L. M.**

1 Say, sinner, hath a voice within,
Oft whisper'd to thy secret soul,
Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,
And yield thy heart to God's control ?

2 Hath something met thee in the path
Of worldliness and vanity,
And pointed to the coming wrath,
And warned thee from that wrath to flee ?

3 Sinner, it was a heavenly voice,
It was the Spirit's gracious call,
It bade thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.

4 Spurn not the call to life and light;
Regard in time the warning kind;
That call thou may'st not always slight,
And yet the gate of mercy find.

5 God's Spirit will not always strive
With harden'd, self-destroying man;
Ye, who persist his love to grieve,
May never hear his voice again.

6 Sinner, perhaps this very day
Thy last accepted time may be;
Oh, shouldst thou grieve him now away,
Then hope may never beam on thee.

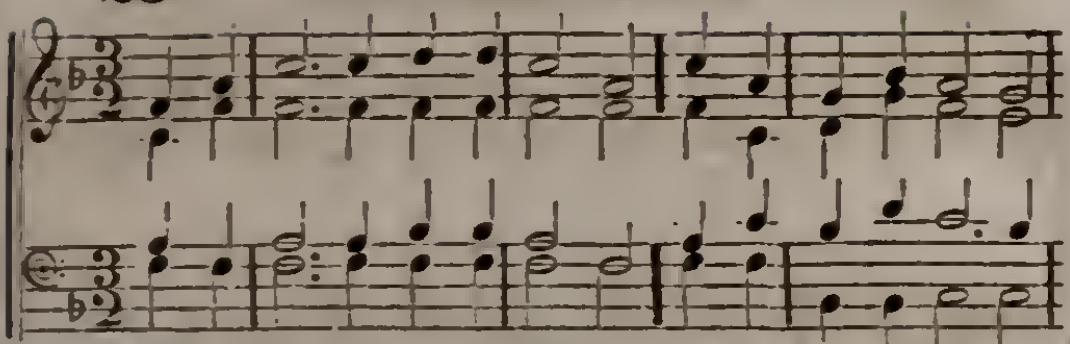
24 **Grieving the Spirit. C. M.**

1 And does the Spirit kindly move
To wake my drowsy heart;
And shall I slight and grieve his love,
And bid him hence depart ?

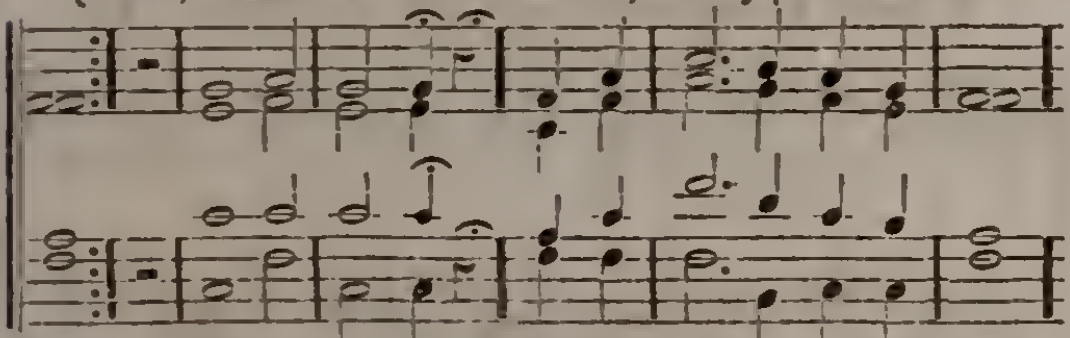
2 Shall I the tempter's voice believe,
And still refuse to pray;
And thus the Holy Spirit grieve,
And bid him go his way ?

3 This solemn warning, once receiv'd,
I dare no longer slight;
The Holy Spirit often griev'd,
May take his final flight.

25 **The Surrender.**

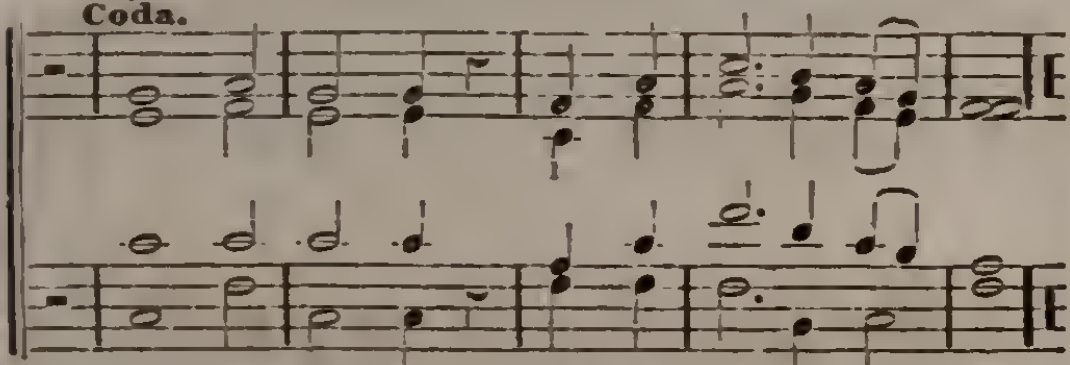


1. { Welcome, welcome, great Redeemer, Welcome to this heart of
   { Lord, I make a full sur-ren-der, Ev'ry pow'r and tho't be



mine; { Thine en-tire-ly, Through e - ter-nal a-ges thine.
thine, {

Coda.



Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.

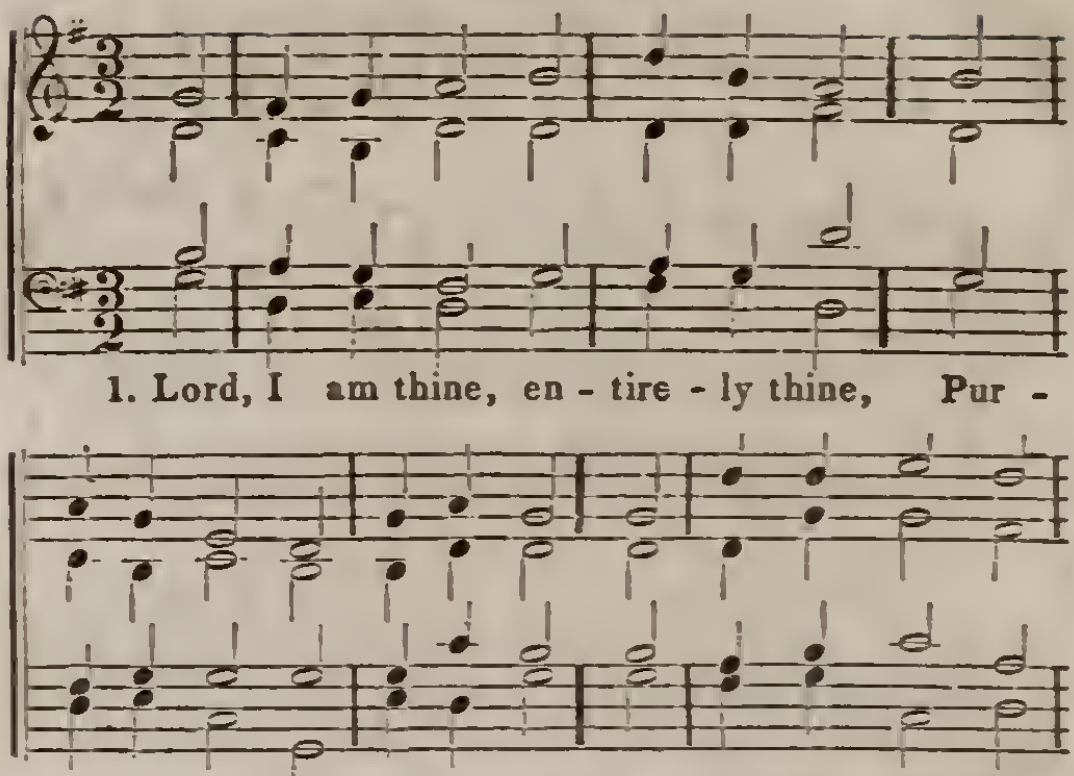
26 **Self-Dedication. C. M.**

1 Welcome, O Savior, to my heart;
  Possess thy humble throne;
Bid every rival hence depart,
  And claim me for thy own.

2 The world and Satan I forsake,
  To thee, I all resign;
My longing heart, O Jesus, take,
  And fill with love divine.

3 Oh, may I never turn aside,
  Nor from thy bosom, flee;
Let nothing here my heart divide;
  I give it all to thee.

27 **Self-Dedication to God.**


1. Lord, I am thine, en - tire - ly thine, Pur -
chas'd and sav'd by blood divine; With full consent thine
I would be, And own thy sovereign right in me.

2 Grant me in mercy now a place,
Among the children of thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood

3 Thee, my new Master, now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all;
Lord, let me live and die to thee,
Be thine through all eternity.

28 **Taking up the Cross. C. M. Mark 8—34.**

1 And must I part with all I have,
Jesus, my Lord, for thee?
This is my joy, since thou hast done
Much more than this for me!

2 Yes, let it go! one look from thee
Will more than make amends,
For all the losses I sustain
Of credit, wealth, or friends.

3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,
How worthless they appear;
Compared with thee, supremely good,
Divinely bright and fair!

4 Savior of souls, while I from thee
A single smile obtain,
Though destitute of all things else,
I'll glory in my gain!

---

29 **Supreme Devotion to the Savior. S. M.**

1 The Savior shed his blood
To make us his alone;
If washed in that atoning flood,
We are no more our own.

2 If he his will reveal,
Let us obey his call;
And think whate'er the flesh may feel,
His love deserves our all.

3 We'll ever keep in view
His glory, as our end;
Too much we cannot bear, or do,
For such a matchless Friend.

4 Oh, may we be prepar'd
In duty's path to run;
Nor count the greatest trials hard,
So that his will be done.

5 With Jesus for our guide,
The path is safe, though rough:
The promise says "I will provide,"
And faith replies, "Enough!"

30 **Entire Consecration to God.** C. M.

1 Too long have I indulged in sin,
Too long abused thy grace;
But now, O Lord, I yield to thee,
And humbly seek thy face.
2 Henceforth I would be thine alone,
Oh, keep me in thy way;
And send thy Holy Spirit down,
To guide me lest I stray.
3 To thee I consecrate my days,
To thee my all I give;
For thee I would my powers employ,
And to thy glory live.

---

31 **The Determined Choice.** L. M.

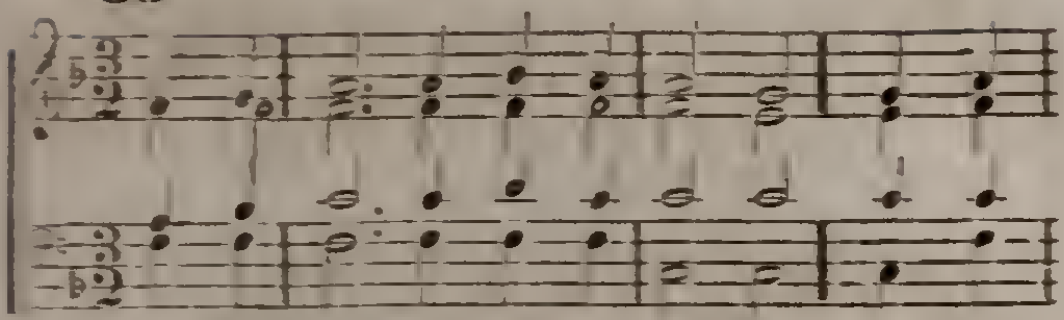
1 Now I resolve, with all my heart,
With all my powers to serve the Lord,
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.
2 Oh, be his service all my joy!
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the blest employ,
And join in labors so divine.
3 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determined choice,
To yield to his supreme control,
And in his kind commands rejoice.
4 Oh, may I never faint, nor tire,
Nor wand'ring, leave his sacred ways;
Great God, accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.

---

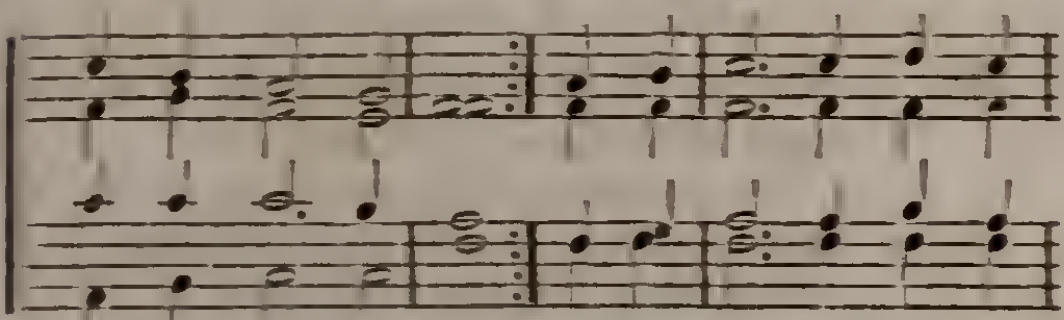
32 **Christ our Hiding-place.** L. M.

1 Hail, sovereign love, that first began
The scheme to rescue fallen man!
Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,
That gave my soul a hiding-place.
2 Against the God that rules the sky,
I fought with hands uplifted high;
Despis'd the offers of his grace,
Too proud to seek a hiding place.
3 Vindictive justice stood in view,
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew;
But justice cried, with frowning face,
"This mountain is no hiding-place."
4 But lo! a heavenly voice I heard!
And mercy's angel soon appear'd;
Who led me on, with smiling face,
To Jesus Christ, my hiding-place.

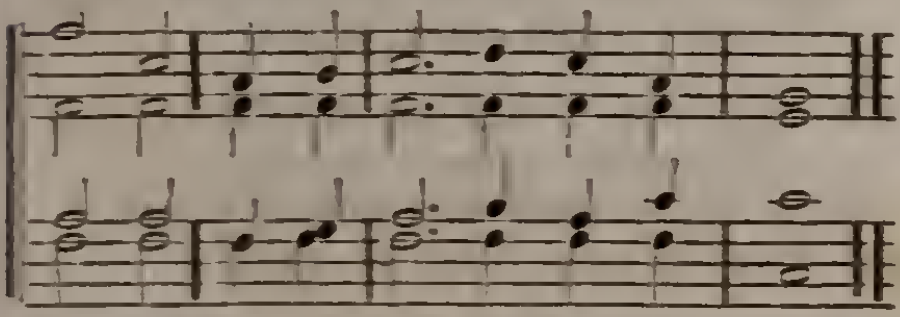
33 **Forsaking all for Christ.**



1. { Je-sus, I my cross have tak-en, All to
   { Naked, poor, despis'd, for-sak-en, Thou from
   Hu-man hopes have oft deceiv'd me; Thou art



leave and fol-low thee; }
hence my all shalt be: } Let the world neglect and
faith-ful, thou art true.



D. C.

leave me; They have left my Sav-ior too:

2 Perish, earthly fame and treasure,
Come disaster, scorn, and pain;
In thy service, pain is pleasure;
With thy favor, loss is gain;
Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy bleeding love I see;
Oh! 'tis not in joy to charm me,
When that love is hid from me.

34 **Self Consecration. C. M.**

1 Lord, here I give myself to thee,
Before the mercy seat;
Unworthy though the off'ring be,
I lay it at thy feet.

2 Yes, I will be forever thine,
Bought at the price of blood;
My feeble pow'rs shall all combine
To serve the living God.

---

35 **Prayer for the Spirit of Adoption. C. M.**

1 Spirit of holiness look down,
Our fainting hearts to cheer;
And when we tremble at thy frown,
Oh, bring thy comforts near.

2 The terror thy convictions wrought,
Oh, let thy grace remove;
And may the souls which thou hast taught
To weep, now learn to love.

3 Now let thy saving mercy heal
The wounds it made before:
Now on our hearts impress thy seal,
That we may doubt no more.

4 Complete the work thou hast begun,
And make our darkness light,
That we a glorious race may run,
Till faith be lost in sight.

5 Then, as our wondering eyes discern
The Lord's unclouded face,
In fitter language we shall learn
To sing triumphant grace.

36 **The Lost Found. C. M.**

1 Oh, how divine, how sweet the joy,
When but one sinner turns,
And, with a humble, broken heart,
His sin and error mourns!

2 Pleas'd with the news, the saints below
In songs their tongues employ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heav'n is fill'd with joy.

3 Well pleas'd the Father sees and hears
The conscious sinner's moan;
Jesus receives him in his arms,
And claims him for his own.

4 Nor angels can their joys contain,
But kindle with new fire:
"The sinner lost, is found," they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.

---

37 **The Song of the Sav'd on Earth. S. M.**

1 From Egypt's bondage come,
Where death and darkness reign,
We seek a new, a better home,
Where we our rest shall gain.

2 To Canaan's sacred bound,
We haste with songs of joy;
Where peace and liberty are found
And sweets which never cloy.

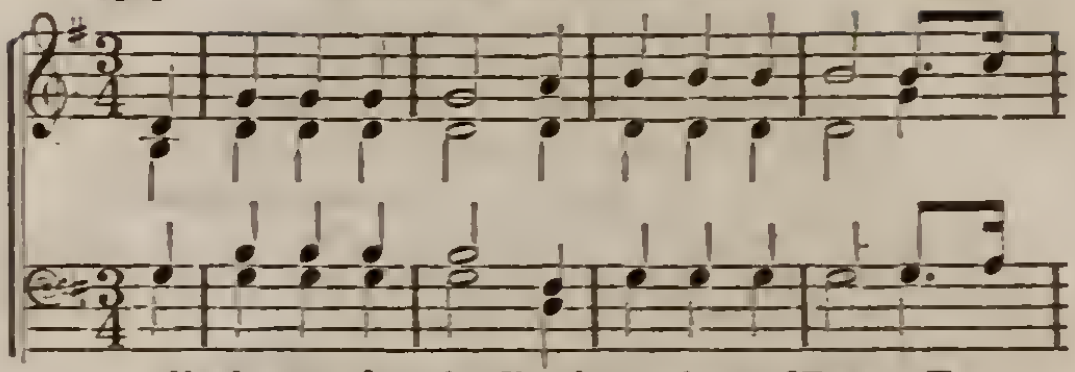
3 There sin and sorrow cease,
And every conflict's o'er:
There we shall dwell in endless peace,
Nor thirst nor hunger more.

4 There, in celestial strains,
Enraptured myriads sing;
And love in every bosom reigns,
For God himself is King.

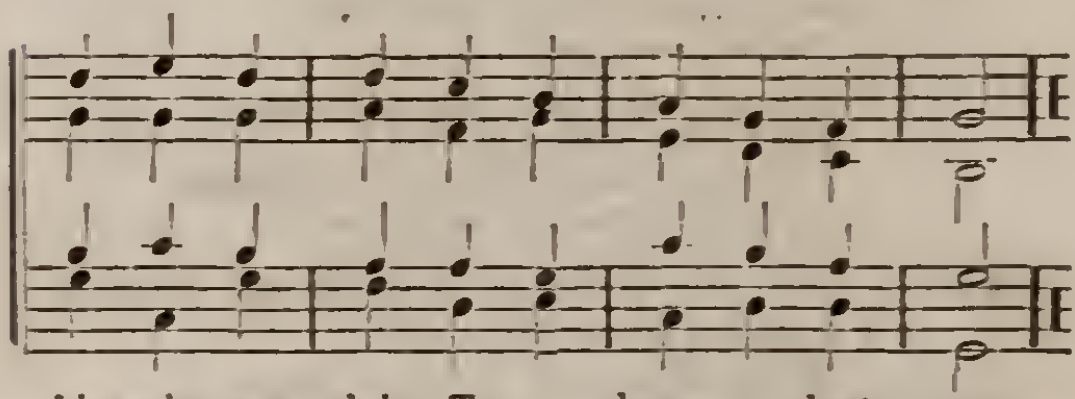
5 We hope to join the throng;
And soon their pleasures share,
And sing the everlasting song,
With all the ransomed there.

6 How sweet the prospect is!
It cheers the pilgrim's breast;
We're journeying through the wilderness,
To our eternal rest.

38 **Praise for Salvation.**



1. All glory and praise To th'Ancient of Days, To



him who was slain, To re - deem a lost race.

2 Salvation to God
Who carried our load,
And purchas'd our lives with the price of his blood.

3 And shall he not have
The lives which he gave,
An infinite ransom forever to save?

4 Yes, Lord, we are thine,
And gladly resign
Our souls to be fill'd with the fulness divine,

5 How, when it shall be,
We cannot foresee,
But, oh, let us live, let us die unto thee.

39 **The Little Cloud. 7s.**

1 Saw ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand?
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land.

2 Lo, the promise of a shower—
Drops already from above:
But the Lord will shortly pour
All the blessings of his love.

3 When he first the work begun,
Small and feeble was his day;
Now the word doth swiftly run,
Now it wins its widening way.

4 Sons of God, your Savior praise;
He the door hath open'd wide;
He hath given the word of grace;
Jesus' word is glorified.

---

40 **Wilt thou not revive us again.** Ps 85: 6. **8s & 7s.**

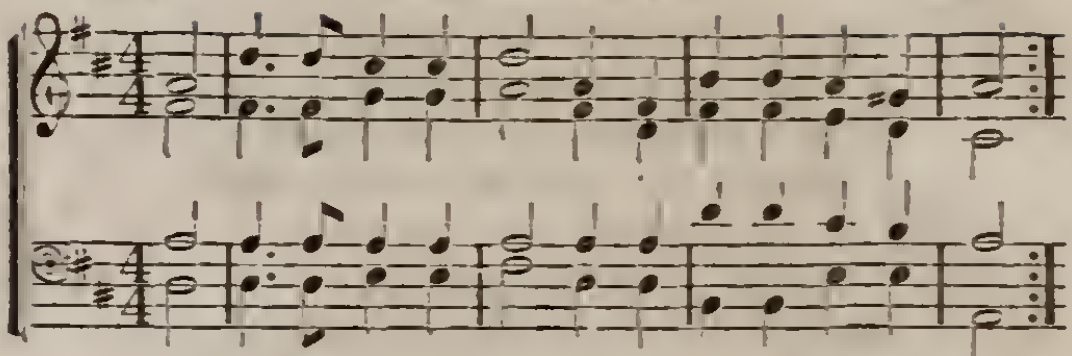
1 Met, O God, to ask thy presence,
Join our souls to seek thy grace;
Oh, deny us not, nor spurn us,
Guilty rebels, from thy face.

2 May thy people wake from slumber,
Ere their lamps shall fail and die;
Bridegroom of the Church, awake them!
Rouse them by the 'midnight cry.'

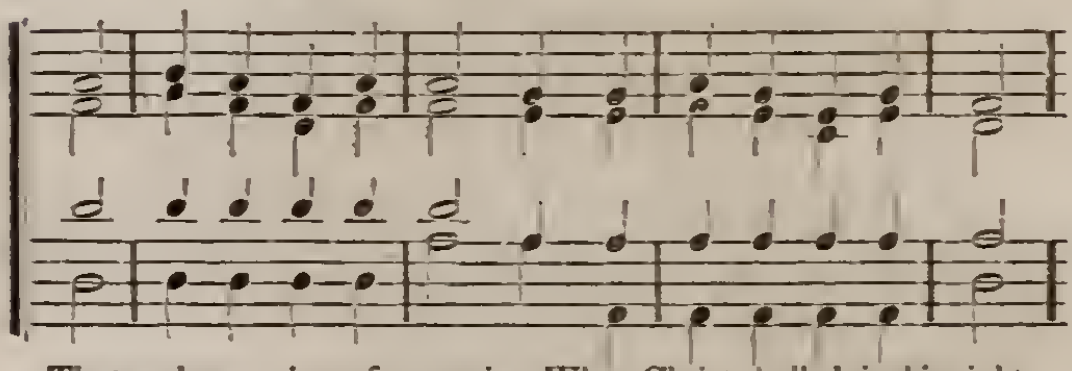
3 Let conviction seize the careless;
Through their souls thine arrows dart;
Let thy truth, so long rejected,
Break and melt the flinty heart.

4 O thou kind, forgiving Spirit,
Comforter, on thee we call!
Cheer the saint, alarm the sinner,
O revive, revive us all.

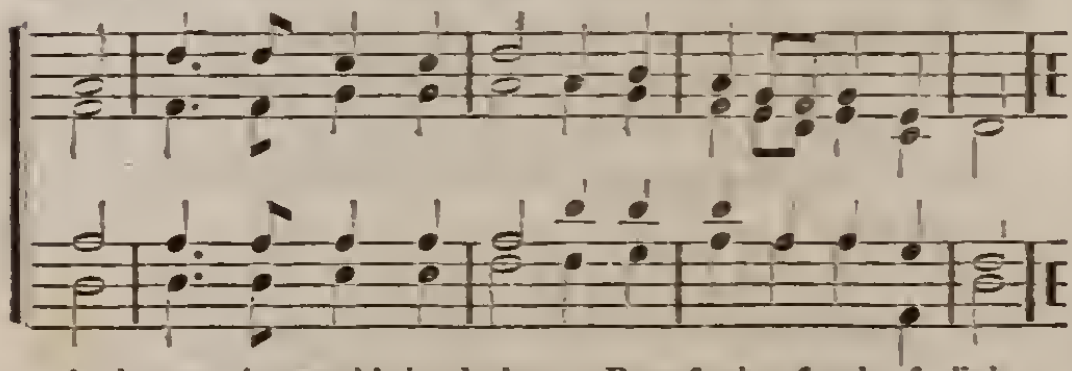
41 The Rising Day.



1. { The gloomy night of sadness, Be-gins to flee a - way, }
   { The glowing tinge of morning, Proclaims the ris-ing day ; }



That welcome day of prom-ise, When Christ shall claim his right ;



And on the world in darkness, Pour forth a flood of light.

2 Now truth, unveil'd, is shining,
With beams of sacred light,
The mourning pilgrims wonder,
And leave the paths of night.
Their glowing hearts in rapture,
Are filled with joy divine,
Burst forth in shouting glory,
And like their Master, shine.

3 Come let's begin the anthems,
And join the choir above;
Exalt the blest Redeemer,
And praise the God we love.
All honor, praise and glory,
Salvation to our God;—
Hosanna to the Savior
Who wash'd us in his blood.

4 The courts of heaven are ringing,
With songs of highest strains,
And ceaseless praise is rolling,
Along the flowery plains.
Oh, could we rise triumpbant,
And join with those above,
To shout and sing forever,
The Savior's dying love.

---

42 **Stormy Way. 7s & 6s.**

1 Though hard the winds are blowing,
And loud the billows roar;
And swiftly we are going,
To our dear native shore;
The billows breaking o'er us,
The storms that round us swell,
Are aiding to restore us,
To all we loved so well.

2 So sorrow often presses
Life's mariner along;
Afflictions and distresses
Are gales and billows strong.
The sharper and severer
The storms of life we meet,
The sooner and the nearer
Is heaven's eternal seat.

3 Come then, affliction dreary
And sickness, pierce my breast,
You only bear the weary
More quickly home to rest :—
For though the winds are blowing,
And loud the billows roar;
Full swiftly we are going
To our dear native shore.

43 **Christ our Light. 7s & 6s.**

1 A thousand years have fleeted,
And, Savior, still we see
Thy deeds of love repeated,
On all who come to thee.
As he who sat benighted,
Afflicted, poor, and blind,
So now, thy word is plighted,
Joy, light, and peace I find.

2 Dark gloom my spirit filling
Beside the way I sat;
Desire my heart was thrilling,
But anguish more than that:
To me no way was granted,
Although I heard the psalms
The faithful sweetly chanted,
And felt the waving palms.

3 With grief my heart was aching,
O'erwhelming were my woes,
Till, heavenborn courage taking,
To thee my cry arose:
"O David's Son! relieve me,
My bitter anguish quell;
Thy promis'd succor give me,
And this dark night dispel."

4 Our hope, Lord, faileth never,
When thou thy word dost plight;
My fears then ceas'd forever,
And all my soul was light.
Thou gavest me thy blessing;
From former guilt set free,
Now heavenly joy possessing,
O Lord! I follow thee.

---

44 **Rejoicing in the Conversion of Sinners. C. M.**

1 How much the drooping hearts revive
Of those who fear the Lord;
When sinners, dead, are made alive
By his reviving word!

2 The ministers of Christ rejoice,
When souls receive the word—
When ransom'd sinners hear his voice,
Return and love the Lord.

3 The church of God their praises join,
And of salvation sing:
They glorify the grace divine
Of their victorious King.
4 In heaven above, th' angelic throng
Around the throne rejoice;
But sinners, saved, should swell the song,
With loudest, sweetest voice.

---

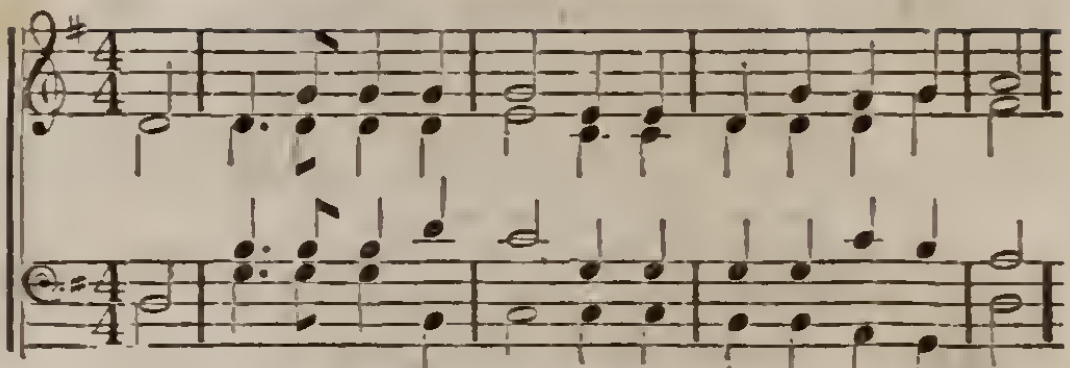
45 **Triumphs of the Gospel. 7s.**

1 Who are these that come from far,
Led by Jacob's rising star?
Strangers now to Zion come,
There to seek a peaceful home.
2 Lo ! they gather like a cloud,
Or as doves their windows crowd !
Zion wonders at the sight,
Zion feels a strange delight.
3 Zion now no more shall sigh,
God will raise her glory high;
He will send a large increase,
He will give his people peace.
4 Sons of Zion sing aloud !
See her sun without a cloud!
God will make her joy complete,
Zion's sun shall never set.

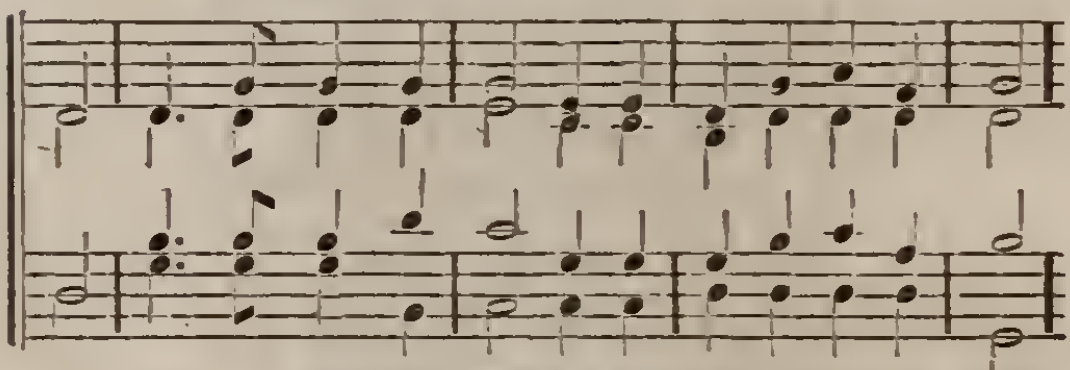
---

46 **Praise for a Revival. 7s.**

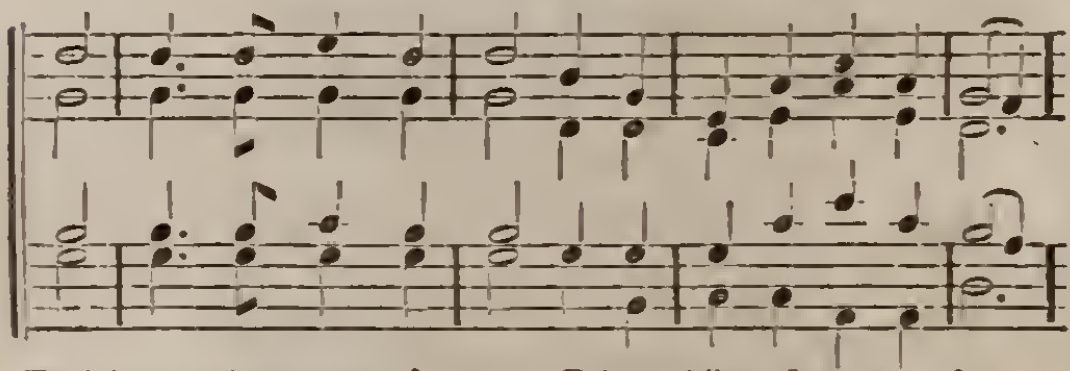
1 Fount of everlasting love !
Rich thy streams of mercy are,
Flowing purely from above;
Beauty marks their course afar.
2 Lo! thy Church, thy garden now,
Blooms beneath the heav'nly show'r,
Sinners feel, and melt, and bow;
Mild, yet mighty is thy pow'r.
3 God of grace! before thy throne,
Here our warmest thanks we bring;
Thine the glory, thine alone;
Loudest praise to thee we sing.
4 Hear, O hear our grateful song;
Let thy Spirit still descend:
Roll the tide of grace along,
Wid'ning, deep'ning to the end.



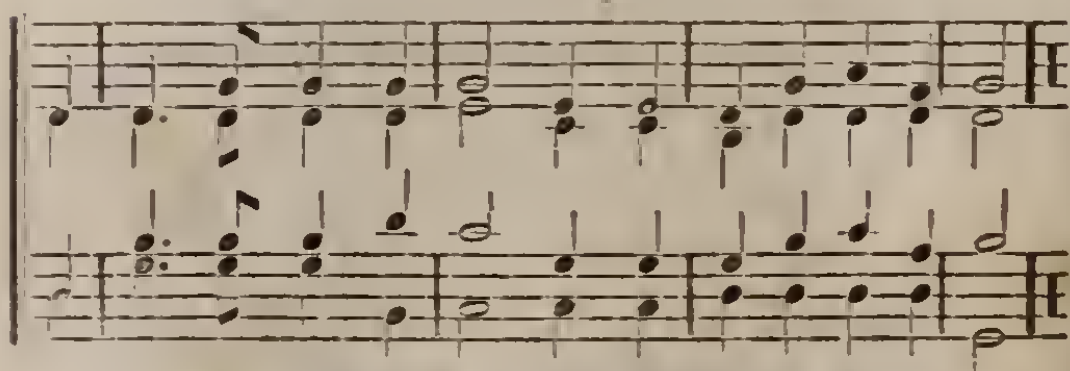
1. The morning light is breaking, The darkness dis-ap-pears;



The sons of earth are waking To pen-i-ten-tial tears:



Each breeze that sweeps the ocean, Brings tidings from a - far;



Of na-tions in com-mo-tion, Prepar'd for Zi-on's war.

47 **Success of the Gospel.**

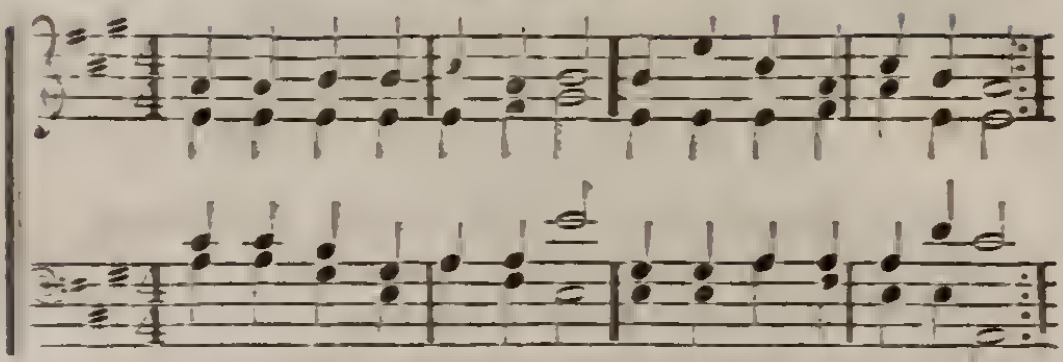
1 The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears:
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean,
Brings tidings from afar;
Of nations in commotion,
Prepar'd for Zion's war.

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle show'r,
And brighter scenes before us
Are op'ning ev'ry hour:
Each cry to heaven going,
Abundant answers brings,
And heav'nly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

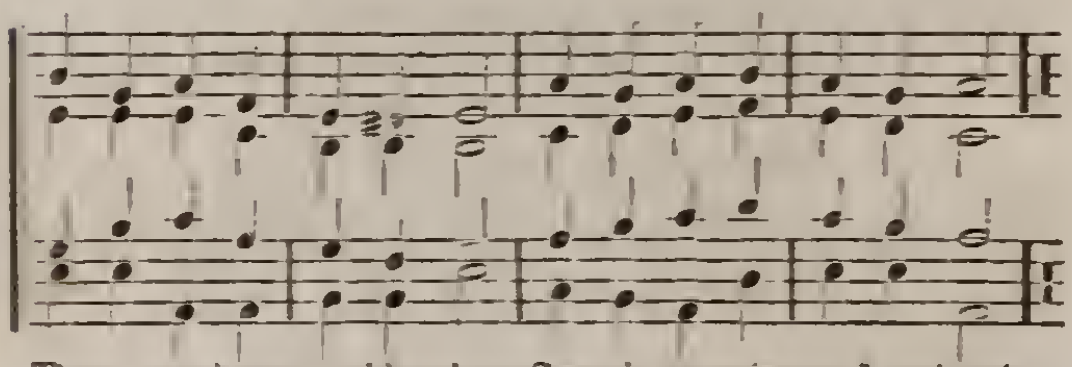
3 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners now confessing,
The gospel call obey;
And seek the Savior's blessing,
A nation in a day.

4 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way,
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly,
Triumphant reach their home,
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, the Lord is come.

48 **In Darkness.**



1. { Once I tho't my mountain strong, Firmly fix'd no more to move;
   { Then my Savior was my song, Then my soul was fill'd with love;



Those were happy, golden days, Sweetly spent in pray'r and praise.

2 Little then myself I knew,
  Little thought of Satan's power;
Now I feel my sins anew;
  Now I feel the stormy hour!
Sin has put my joys to flight;
Sin has turned my day to night.

3 Savior, shine, and cheer my soul,
  Bid my dying hopes revive;
Make my wounded spirit whole;
  Far away the tempter drive;
Speak the word and set me free,
Let me live alone to thee.

49 **Adoption. 7s. 6l.**

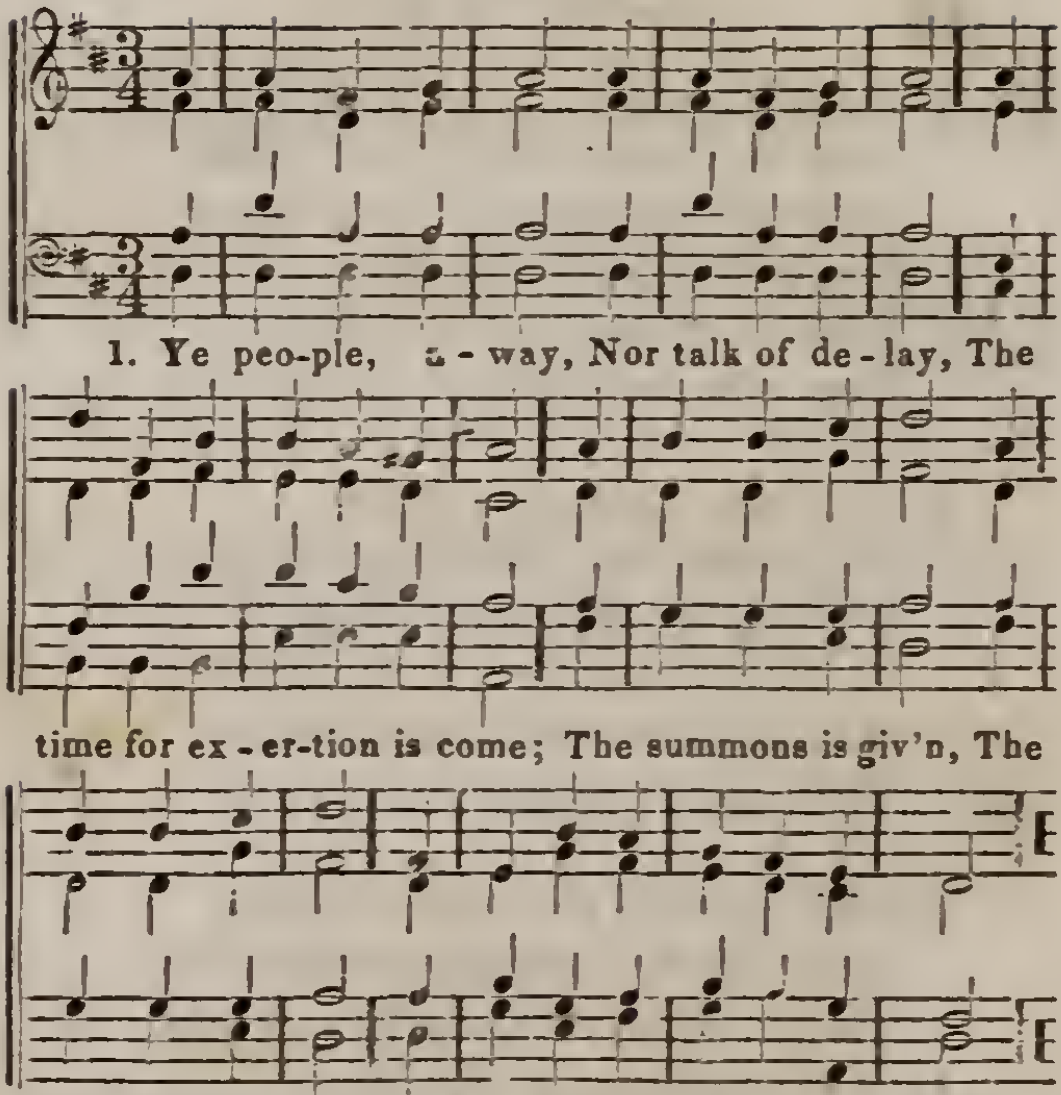
1 Blessed are the sons of God;
They are bought with Jesus' blood:
They are ransomed from the grave;
Life eternal they shall have,
With them number'd may we be,
Here and in eternity.

2 They are justified by grace;
They enjoy the Savior's peace;
All their sins are wash'd away:
They shall stand in God's great day.
With them number'd may we be
Here, and in eternity.

3 They produce the fruits of grace;
In the works of righteousness;
They are harmless, meek, and mild,
Holy, humble, undefiled:
With them number'd may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

4 They are lights upon the earth,
Children of a heav'nly birth;
One with God, with Jesus one;
Glory in them is begun.
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

50 **Ye People away.**

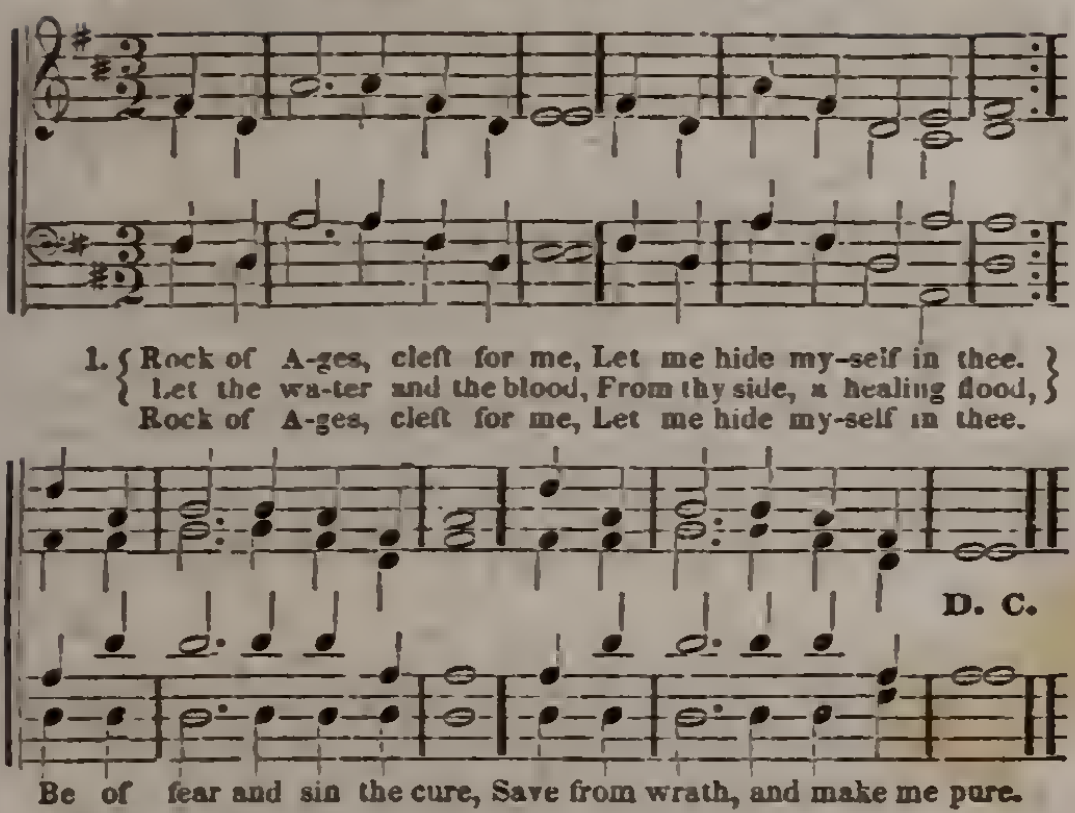

1. Ye peo-ple, a - way, Nor talk of de - lay, The
time for ex - er-tion is come; The summons is giv'n, The
Lord calls from heav'n: Let no man now tarry at home.

2 The Lord in his might
Is gone to the fight;
And if we should shrink from the toil,
The day will be won,
The work will be done,
And others will gather the spoil.

3 And should we decline,
His standard to join;
Our slackness will meet its reward;
A wo they will find,
Who tarry behind,
Nor go to the help of the Lord.

4 Then cast off delay,
"To arms," and away;
To arms—'tis the Lord gives the word:
With sword and with shield,
Away to the field;
"Away to the help of the Lord."

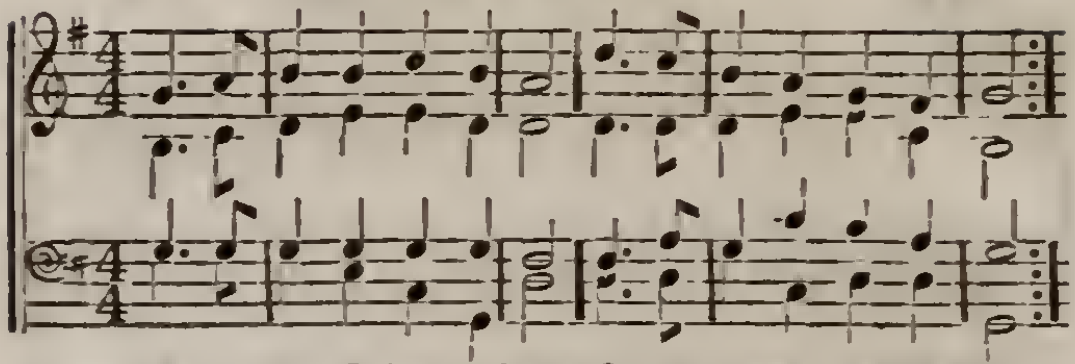
51 **Christ, the Rock of Ages.**


1. Rock of A-ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in thee.
Let the wa-ter and the blood, From thy side, a healing flood,
Rock of A-ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in thee.
D. C.
Be of fear and sin the cure, Save from wrath, and make me pure.

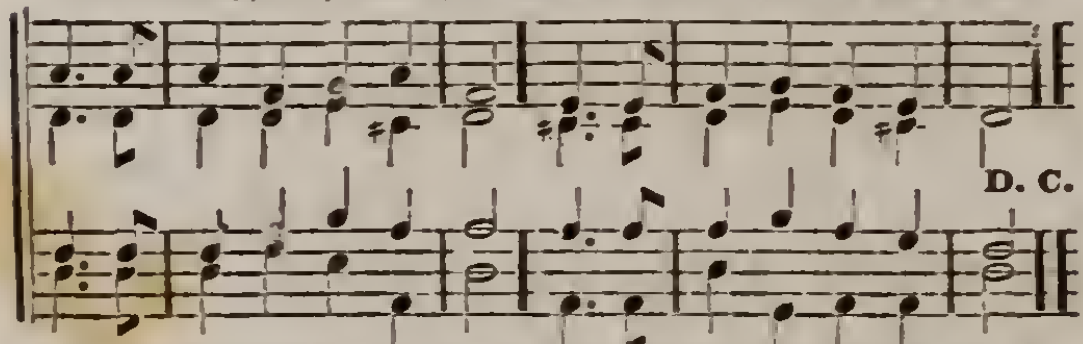
2 Should my tears forever flow;
Should my zeal no languor know;
This for sin could not atone:
Thou, must save, and thou alone.
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eye-lids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

52 **Self-Examination.**



1. 'Tis a point I long to know, Oft it causes anxious tho't;
Do I love the Lord or no? Am I his, or am I not?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse, Who have never heard his name.



2. If I love, why am I thus? Why this dull, this life-less frame?

3 Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove;
Every trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Savior's love?

4 When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild;
Fill'd with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child?

5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mix'd with all I do:
You, who love the Lord indeed,
Tell me—is it so with you?

6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall—
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?

7 Could I joy his saints to meet,
Choose the way I once abhorr'd;
Find, at times, the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord?

8 Lord, decide the doubtful case!
Thou who art thy people's Sun,
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

9 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all I pray;
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day.

---

53 Strength equal to the day. 7s.

1 Wait, my soul, upon the Lord,
To his gracious promise flee,
Laying hold upon his word,
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

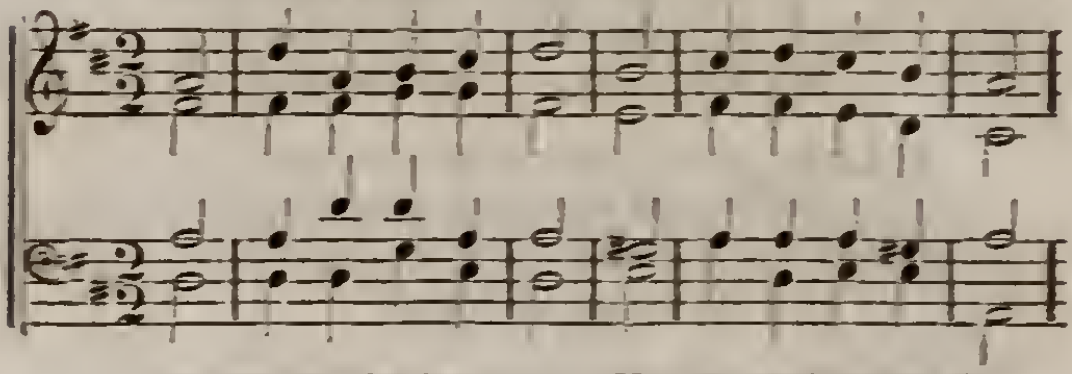
2 If the sorrows of thy case
Seem peculiar still to thee,
God has promis'd needful grace,
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

3 Days of trial, days of grief,
In succession thou mays't see:
This is still thy sweet relief,
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

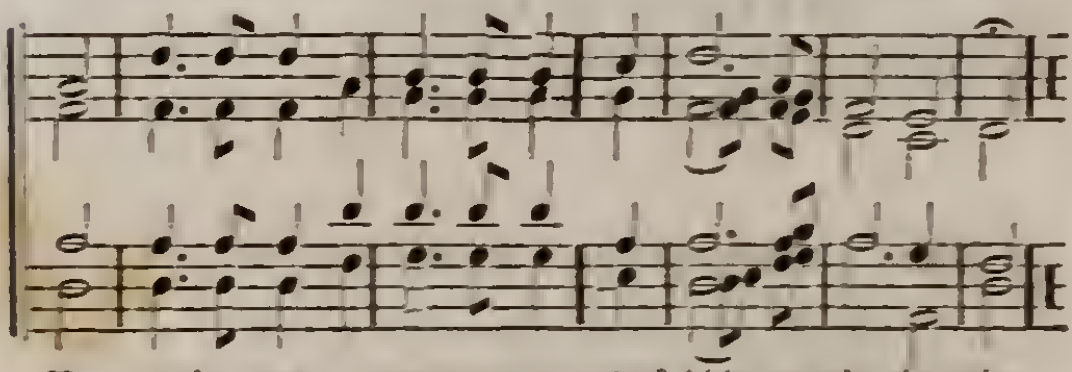
5 Rock of Ages, I'm secure,
With thy promise full and free;
Faithful, positive, and sure,
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

54 Blessings of the Faithful.

"Be ye faithful unto death, and I will give you a crown of life." Rev. 2 : 10



1. Our Captain leads us on, He calls us from the skies,



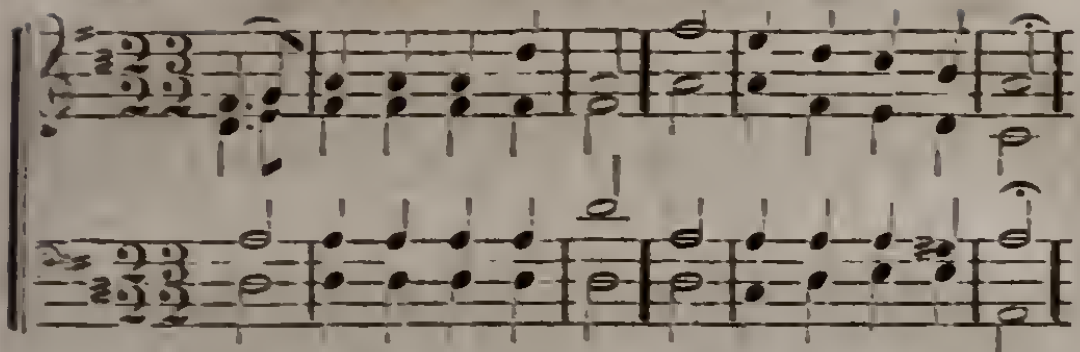
He reaches out a starry crown, And bids us take the prize.

2 "Be faithful unto death,
Partake my victory,
And thou shalt wear this glorious weath,
And thou shalt reign with me."

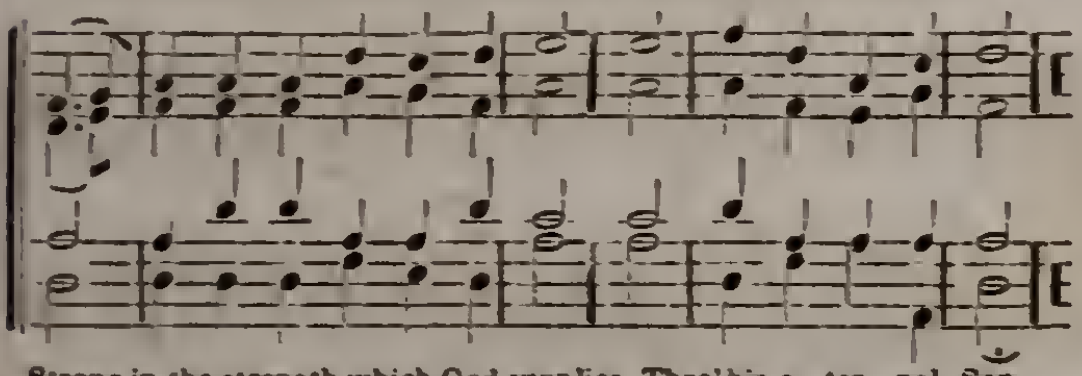
3 'Tis thus the righteous Lord,
To every soldier saith;
Eternal life's the sure reward
Of all victorious faith.

4 Who conquer in his might,
The victor's meed receive;
They claim a kingdom in his right,
Which God shall freely give.

55 **Strong in the Lord.** Eph. 6. 10.



1. Soldiers of Christ, a-rise, And put your armor on;



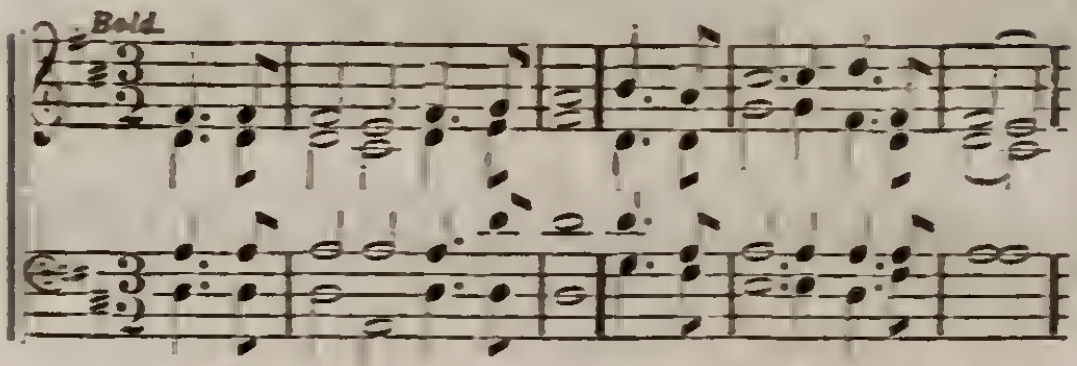
Strong in the strength which God supplies, Thro' his e - ter - nal Son.

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

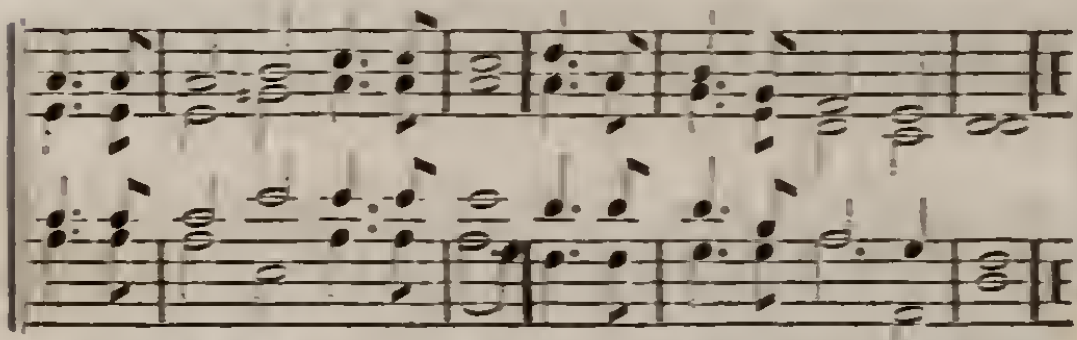
3 Stand, then, in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The armor of your God.

4 That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may behold your vict'ry won,
And stand complete at last.

56 The Christian Soldier encouraged.



1. Much in sorrow, oft in woe, Onward, Christian, onward go;



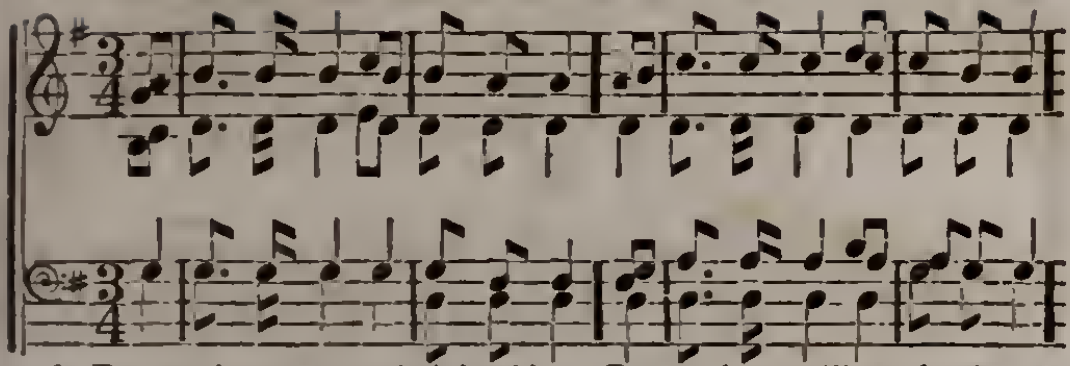
Fight the fight, and worn with strife, Steep with tears the bread of life.

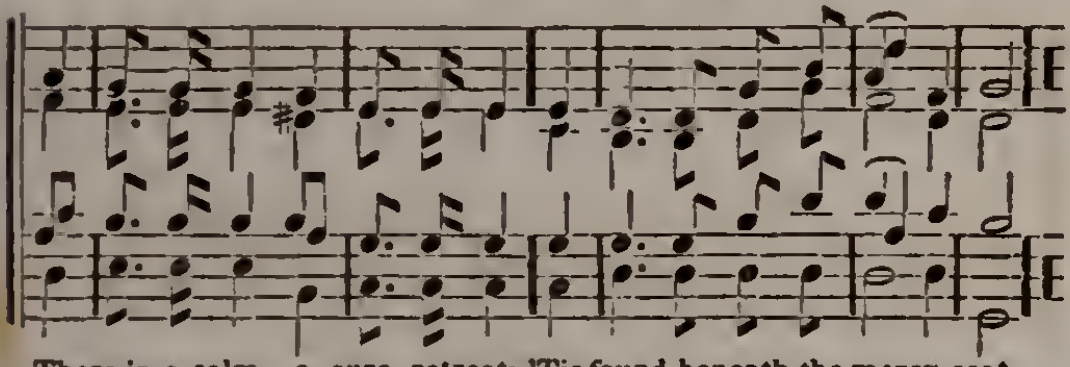
2 Onward, Christian, onward go,
Join the war, and face the foe;
Faint not, much doth yet remain,
Dreary is the long campaign.

3 Shrink not, Christian, will you yield?
Will you quit the painful field?
Fight till all the conflict's o'er,
Nor your foemen rally more.

4 But when loud the trumpet blown,
Speaks their forces overthrown,
Christ, your Captain shall bestow
Crowns to grace the conquerer's brow.

57 **The Mercy Seat.**





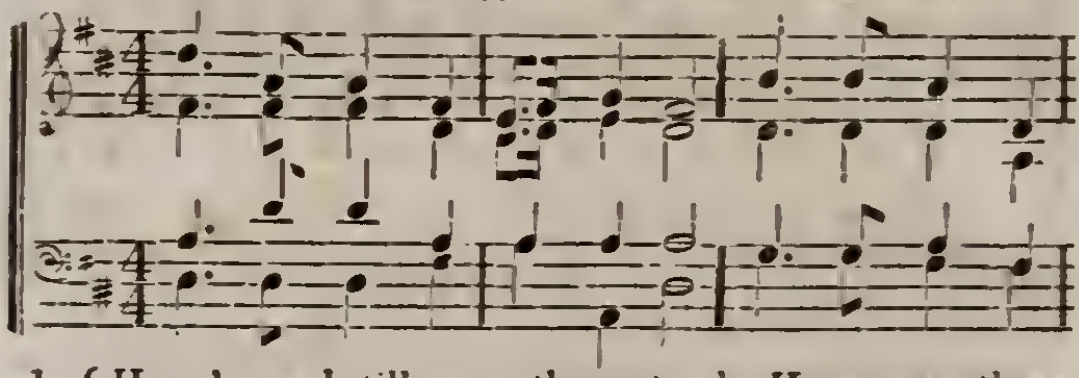
2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place, of all the earth, most sweet,
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

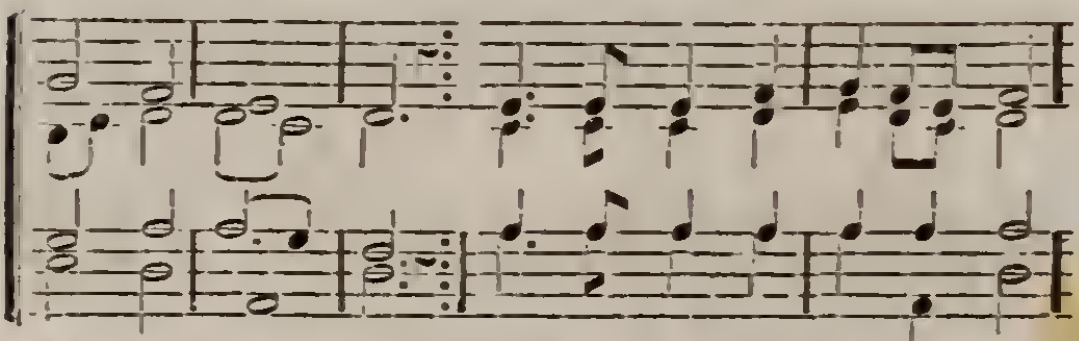
4 There, there, on eagle-wing we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

58 The Heavenward Course.

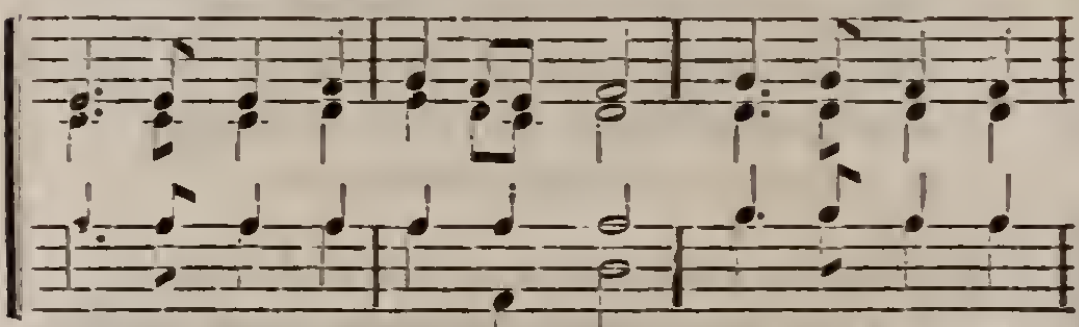
Here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come. Heb. 12: 14.



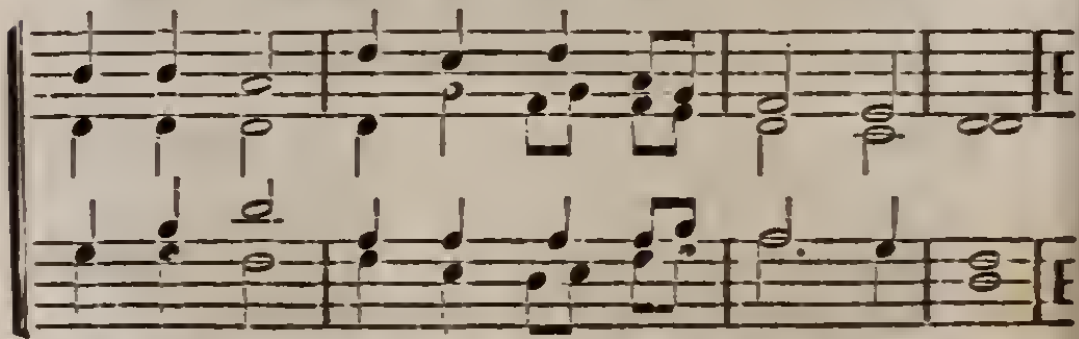
1. { Heav'nward still our pathway tends, Here on earth we
   { Till our road in Canaan ends, Thro' this wilder -



{ are but stran-gers; } Here we but as pil-grims rove,
{ ness of dan - gers; }



For our home is there a - bove. Here we but as



pilgrims rove, For our home is there a - bove.

2 Heavenward still! God calls to me,
In his word so loudly speaking;
Glimpses in that word I see,
Of the home I'm ever seeking;
And while that my steps defends,
Still to heaven my track ascends.

3 Heavenward still, when life shall close,
Death to my true home shall guide me;
Then, triumphant o'er my woes,
Lasting bliss shall God provide me;
Christ himself the way has led,
Joyful in his steps I tread.

4 Still then heavenward! heavenward still!
That shall be my watchword ever;
Heaven's delights my heart shall fill,
And from vain illusions sever:
Heavenward still my thoughts shall run,
Till the gate of heaven I've won.

---

59 The Crown of Victory.

Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life. Rev. 2:10.

1 Steep and thorny is the way,
To our home in heaven ascending;
Happy he who every day
Walks therein, for Christ contending;
Happy when, his journey o'er,
Conquering he to Christ shall soar.

2 Great shall be his recompense,
True to death on God who waited,
Who renounc'd the joys of sense,
To his Savior consecrated;
Who has gazed with steadfast eye
On the crown of victory.

3 On, then, comrades, wend your way,
Let not life's drear waste alarm you;
Look to Jesus, watch and pray,
For the fight that God would arm you.
God, the weak who strong can make,
Victory give for Jesus' sake.

60 **Christian Watchfulness. S. M.**

1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill—
Oh! may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will!

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely;
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

---

61 **Take heed that ye watch and pray. C. M.**

Mark 13:33.

1 The Savior bids us watch and pray,
Through life's brief fleeting hour,
And gives the Spirit's quickening ray,
To those who seek its power.

2 The Savior bids us watch and pray,
Maintain a warrior's strife;
Help, Lord, to hear thy voice to-day,
Obedience is our life.

3 The Savior bids us watch and pray,
For soon the hour will come,
That calls us from the earth away,
To our eternal home.

4 Oh, Savior! we would watch and pray,
And hear thy sacred voice;
And walk as thou hast marked the way,
In heaven's eternal joys.

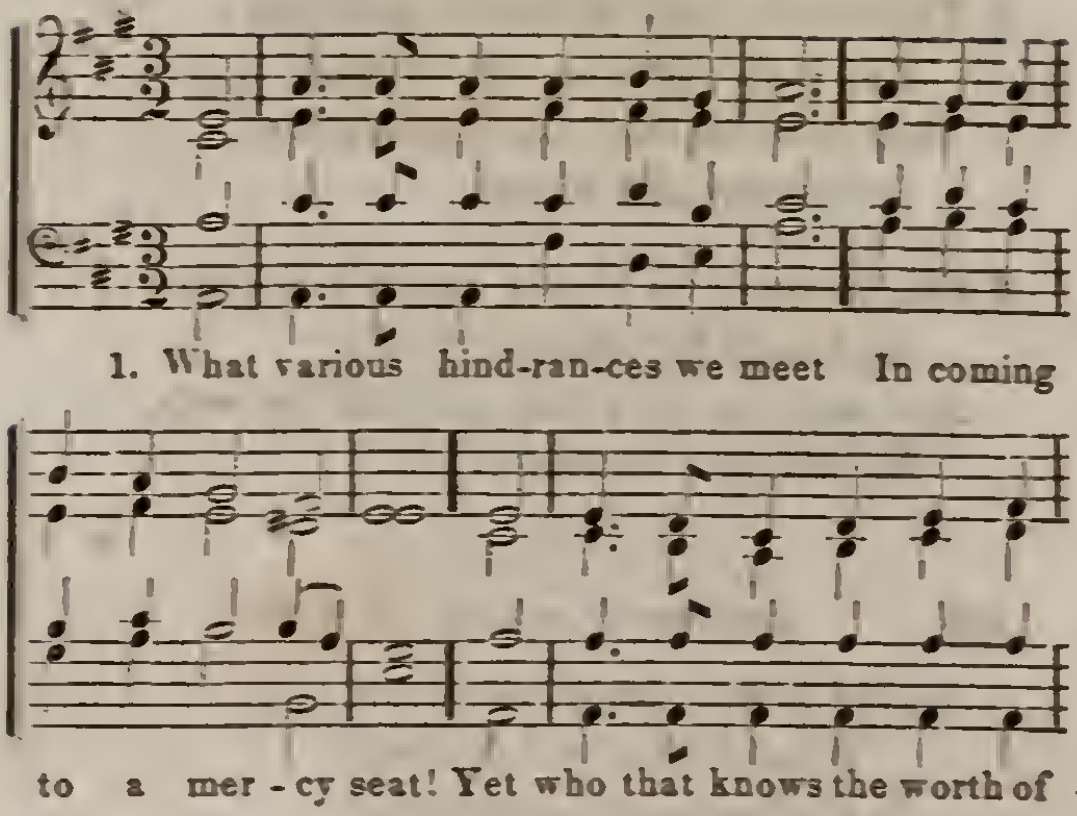
---

62 **Confidence in God. 7s & 6s.**

1 God is my strong salvation,
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation,
My light, my help is near:
Though hosts encamp around me,
In him I firmly stand;
What terror can confound me,
With God at my right hand.

2 Place on the Lord reliance,
My soul with courage wait;
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and desolate;
His might, thine heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase;
His grace thy days shall lengthen,
The Lord will give thee peace.

63 **Exhortation to Prayer.**


1. What various hind-ran-ces we meet In coming
to a mer - cy seat! Yet who that knows the worth of
prayer, But wishes to be oft - en there.

2 Prayer makes the darkest cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight,
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 Have you no words? ah, think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill a fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent;
Your cheerful song would oft'ner be,
'Hear what the Lord has done for me.'

---

64 **Exhortation to Prayer. 7s.**

1 Come, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself has bid you pray;
He'll not turn his face away.

2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 Come to him for peace and rest,
Welcome him within thy breast;
Let his blood, for sinners spilt,
Set thy conscience free from guilt.

4 He will teach thee what to do,
Every hour thy strength renew;
Be thy guide, thy guard, thy friend,
Lead thee safely to thy end.

---

65 **Prayer. 7s.**

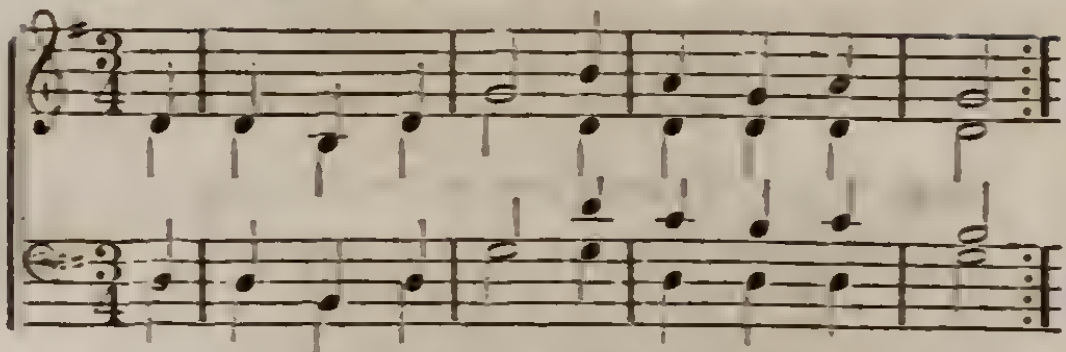
1 Lord, I cannot let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow;
Do not turn away thy face,
Mine's an urgent, pressing case.

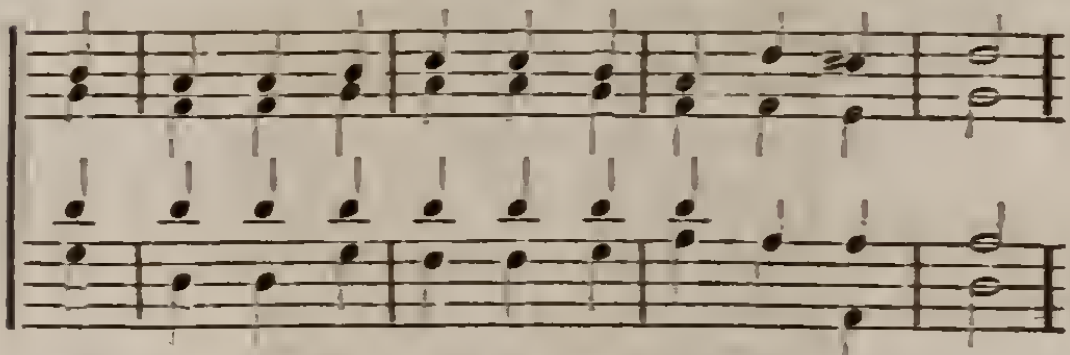
2 Sinful, weak, and in despair,
Now I seek thy face by prayer,
Let thy mercy come to me,
Pardon, Lord, and set me free.

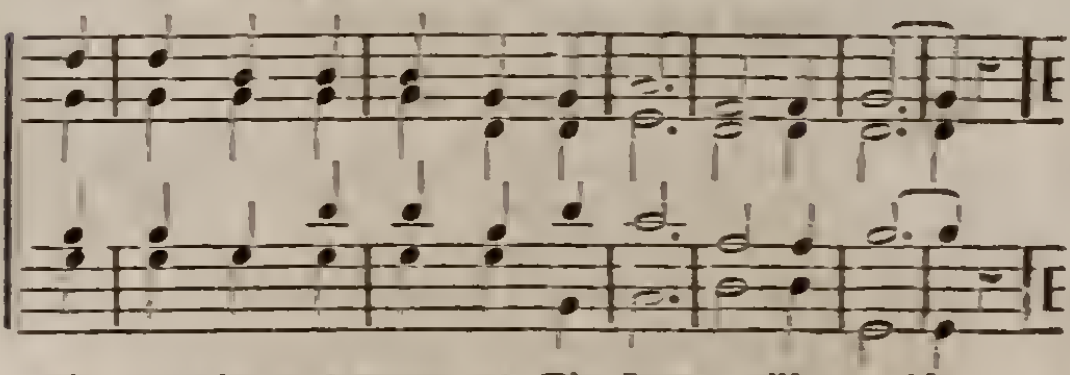
3 Thou hast help'd in time of need,
This emboldens me to plead;
After so much mercy past,
Wilt thou let me sink at last?

4 No—I must maintain my hold,
'Tis thy goodness makes me hold;
I can no denial take,
When I plead for Jesus' sake.

66 The Lord will provide. 5s & 6.



1. { Tho' troubles as - sail, And dangers af - fright, }
   { Tho' friends should all fail, And foes all u - nite ; }

Yet one thing se-cures us, What-ev - er be - tide,



The promise as-sures us, The LORD will pro-vide.

2 We may like the ships,
By tempests be tost
On perilous deeps,
But cannot be lost;
Though Satan enrages
The wind and the tide,
The promise engages,
The LORD will provide.

3 No strength of our own,
Or goodness we claim,
Yet since we have known
The Savior's great name,
In this our strong tower
For safety we hide;
The LORD is our power,
The LORD will provide.

4 When life sinks apace,
And death is in view,
This word of his grace
Shall comfort us through:
Nor fearing, nor doubting,
With Christ on our side
We hope to die shouting
The LORD will provide.

"Will ye also go away!" C. M.

67 1 When any turn from Zion's way,
Alas! what numbers do!
Methinks I hear my Savior say,
'Wilt thou forsake me too!'

2 Ah, Lord, with such a heart as mine,
Unless thou hold me fast;
I feel I must, I shall decline,
And prove like them at last.

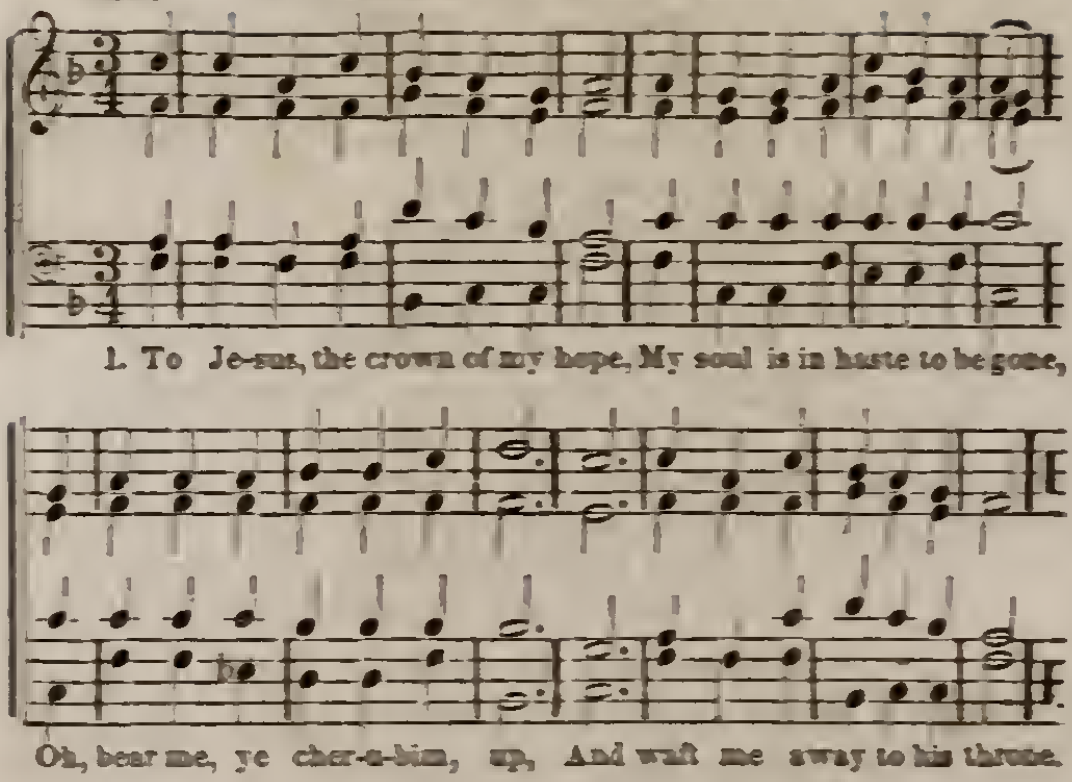
3 Yet thou alone hast power I know,
To save a wretch like me,
To whom, or whither, could I go,
If I should turn from thee?

4 Beyond a doubt I rest assured,
Thou art the Christ of God;
Who hast eternal life secured,
By promise and by blood.

5 No voice but thine can give me rest,
And bid my fears depart;
No love but thine can make me blest,
Or satisfy my heart.

6 What anguish has the question stirred,
If I will also go?
Yet Lord, relying on thy word,
I humbly answer, no!

68 Longing to be with Christ.



2 My Savior, whom absent I love,
Whom not having seen I adore,
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion and pow'r:

3 Dissolve thou these bonds that detain
My soul from her portion in thee:
Oh, strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.

4 When that happy era begins,
Array'd in thy glories I shine,
Nor grieve any more by my sins
The bosom on which I recline.

5 Oh, then shall the vail be remov'd,
And round me thy brightness be pour'd,
I then shall meet him whom I've lov'd,
Whom not having seen I ador'd.

69 **Life's Pilgrimage. 8s & 7.**

1 Gently, Lord, oh, gently lead us,
Through this lonely vale of tears,
Through the changes thou'st decreed us,
Till our last great change appears.
When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in thy perfect way.

2 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear.
And when mortal life is ended,
Bid us in thine arms to rest,
Till, by angel bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

---

70 **Close of a Prayer Meeting. 7s.**

1 Oh, 'tis sweet to mingle, where
Christians meet for social prayer;
Oh, 'tis sweet, with them to raise,
Songs of holy joy and praise;
Then how blest that state must be
Where they meet eternally.

2 Savior, let these meetings prove
Scenes of fervent Christian love;
While we worship in this place,
May we go from grace to grace;
Till we, each in his degree,
Fit for endless glory be.

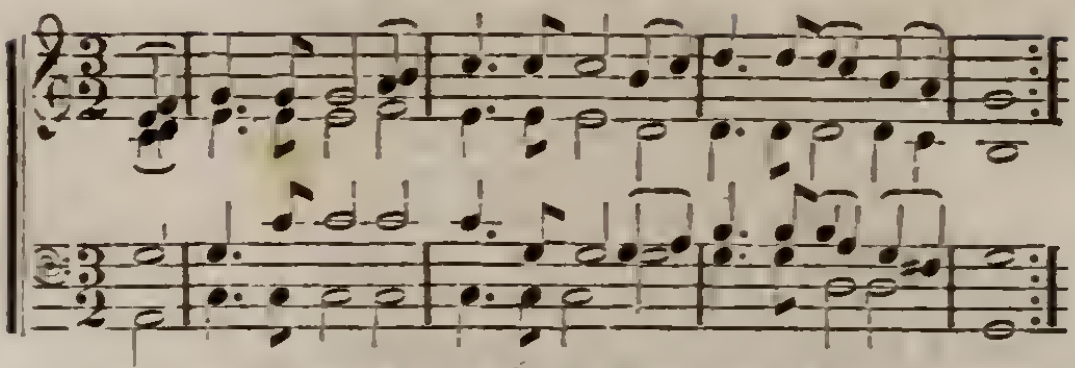
---

71 **Parting. L. M.**

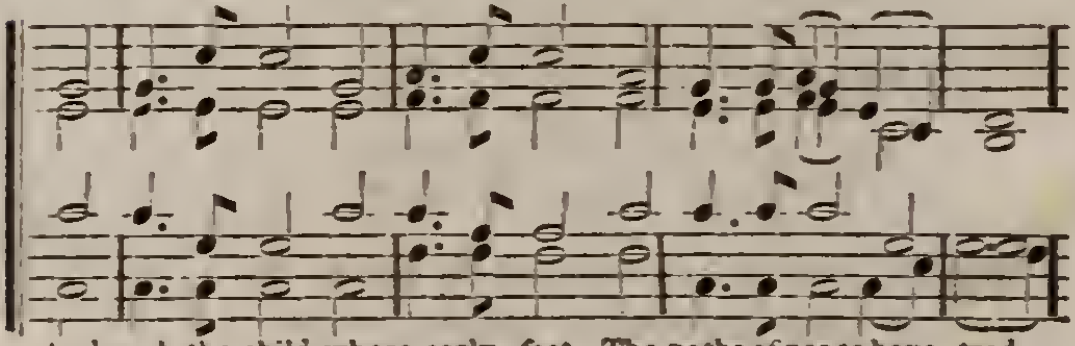
1 Come, christian brethren! ere we part,
Join every voice and every heart:
One solemn hymn to God we raise,
One final song of grateful praise.

2 Christians, we here may meet no more;
But there is yet a happier shore;
And there, releas'd from toil and pain,
Dear brethren, we shall meet again.

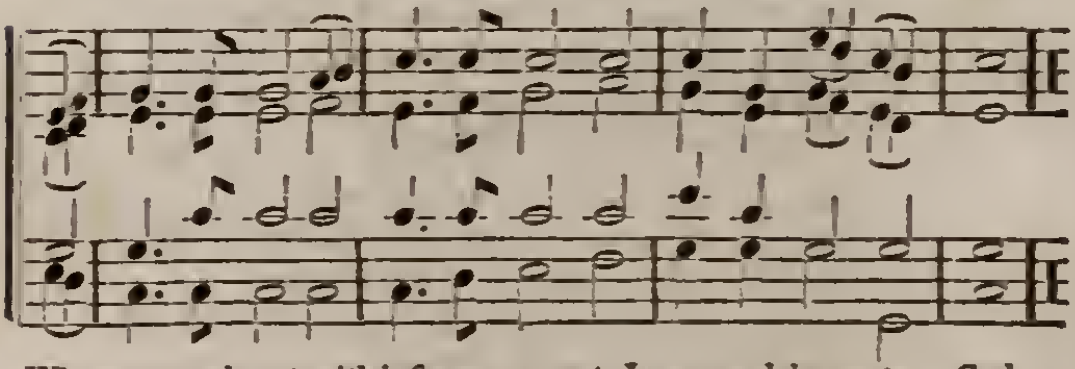
72 **Early Piety.**



1. { By cool Si-lo-am's shady rill, How sweet the li-ly grows; }
{ How sweet the breath beneath the hill Of Sharon's dew-y rose. }



And such the child whose early feet, The paths of peace have trod.



Whose secret heart, with influence sweet, Is upward drawn to God.

2 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.
And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age,
May shake the soul with sorrow's pow'r,
And stormy passions rage.

3 O Thou, whose infancy was found
With heavenly rays to shine,
Whose years with changeless virtue crown'd,
Were all alike divine;
Dependent on thy bounteous breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, and in death,
To keep us still thine own.

---

73 **The Christian's Prayer. L. M.**

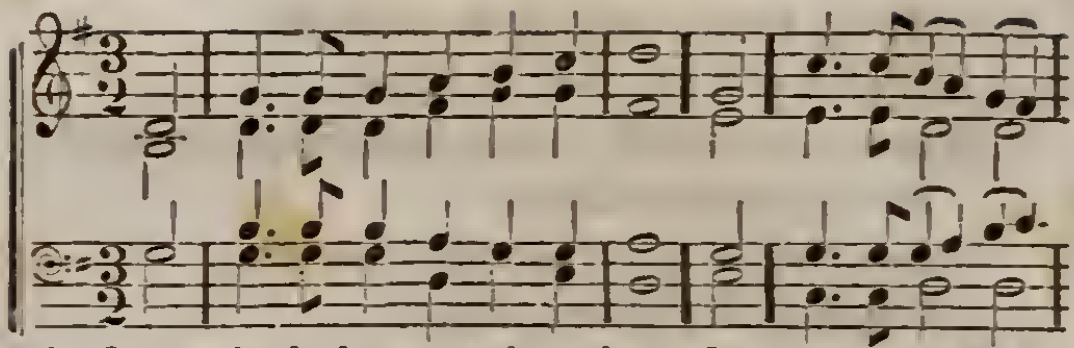
"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Mat. 5:8.

1 Give me, O God, a contrite heart,
Bid all unrighteousness depart;
Shut close the gate, and keep the door,
That sin may enter in no more.

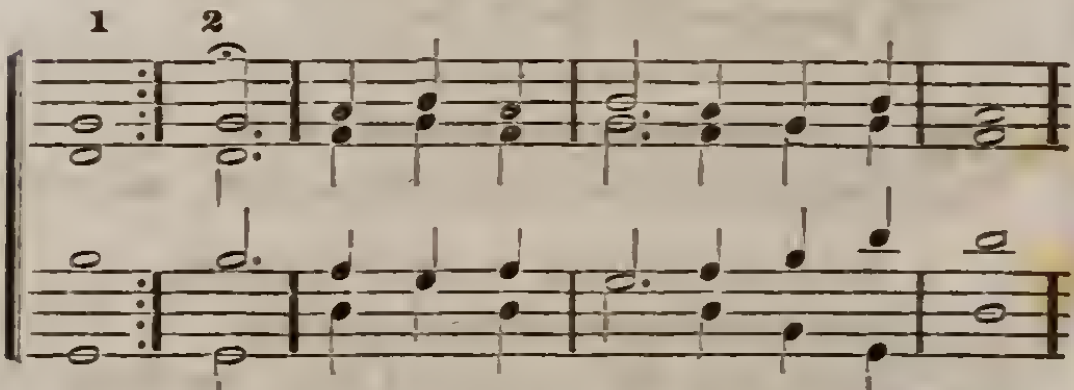
2 To Thee my soul I open wide,
Come, Jesus! and therein abide,
And may thy wisdom, truth, and grace,
Take root within the barren place.

3 Oh! let thy Holy Spirit's light,
And thine own heavenly radiance bright,
O'erflow my spirit like a flood;
Eternal Source of every good!

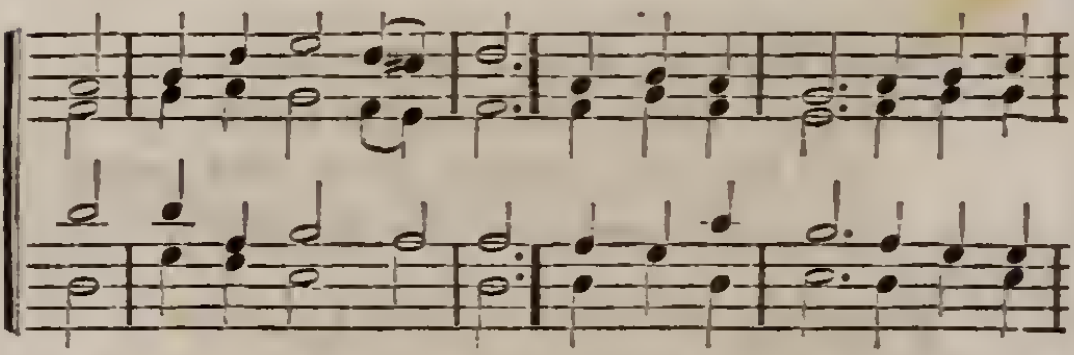
4 Then shall I tell in grateful song
The praises that to thee belong;
And while I live, my joy shall be,
To consecrate myself to thee.



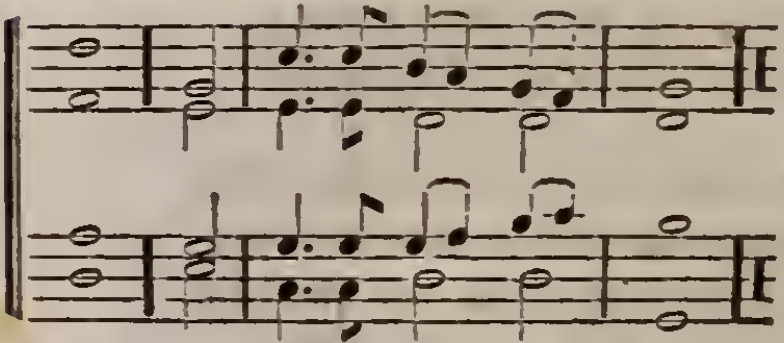
1. { Our souls, by love to-geth-er knit, Ce - ment-ed, join'd in
{ One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice; 'Tis heav'n on earth be -



one: - - - } Our hearts have of - ten burn'd with-in,
- - - gun. }



And glow'd with sa - cred fire, While Je-sus spoke, and fed, and



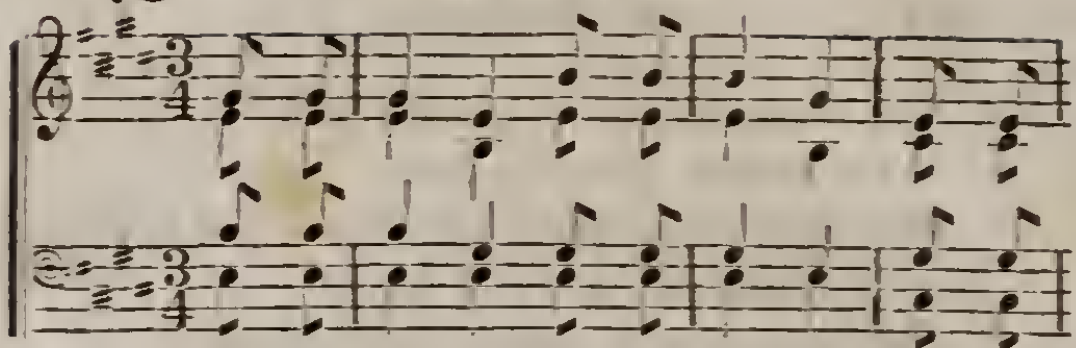
bless'd, And fill'd th'enlarged desire.

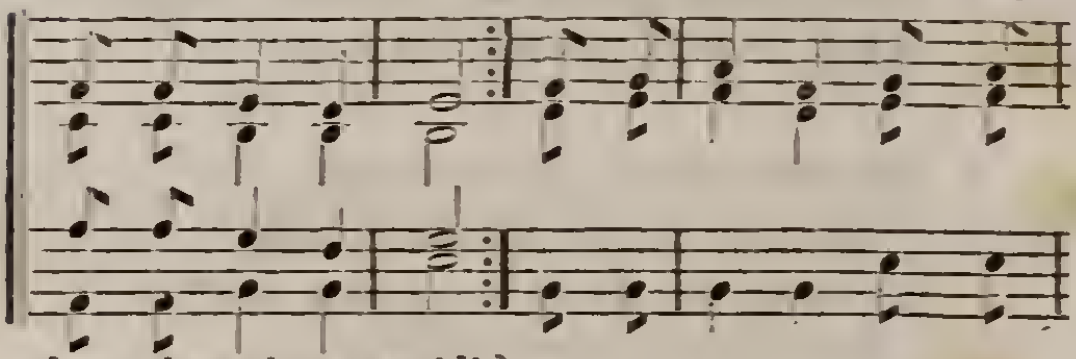
74 Christian Union.

1 Our souls, by love together knit,
Cemented, join'd in one:
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice;
'Tis heaven, on earth begun.
Our hearts have often burn'd within,
And glow'd with sacred fire,
While Jesus spoke, and fed, and bless'd,
And fill'd th' enlarg'd desire.

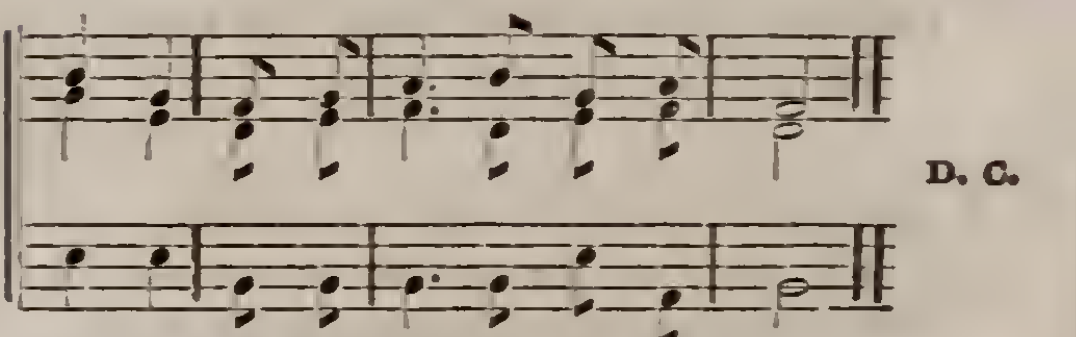
2 The little cloud increases still,
The heav'ns are big with rain;
We haste to catch the teeming show'r,
And all its moisture drain.
A rill, a stream, a torrent flows!
Lord, pour a mighty flood;
Oh! sweep the nations, shake the earth,
Till all proclaim thee God.

3 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
And set'st thy starry crown;
When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
Proclaim'd by thee thine own;
May we, a little band of love,
We sinners, sav'd by grace;
From glory unto glory chang'd,
Behold thee face to face.

75 **Zion Comforted.**

1. { Zi - on drea-ry And in anguish, Mid the
   { O thou wea-ry Cease to languish, Je-sus
   Soon re-pent-ing, And re-turn-ing, All thy



desert hast thou stray'd? }
shall lift up thy head. } Still la-ment-ing And be -
sol - i - tude shall close.



D. C.

moaning Mid thy fol-lies and thy woes.

3 Though benighted
And forsaken,
Though afflicted and distress'd;
His Almighty
Arm shall waken,
Zion's King shall give thee rest.

4 Cease thy sadness
Unbelieving;
Soon his glory shalt thou see!
Joy and gladness
And thanksgiving,
And the voice of melody.

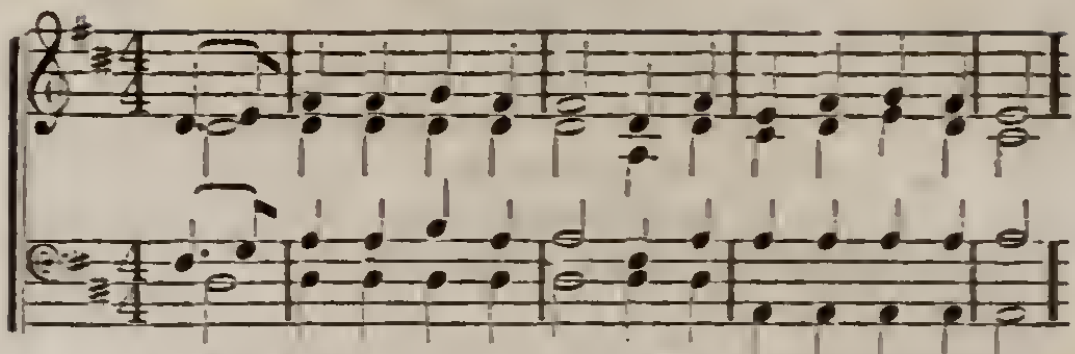
---

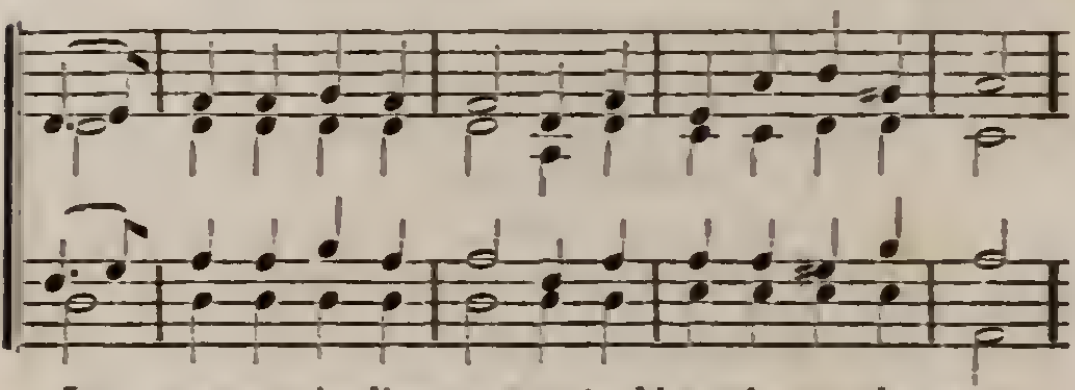
76 **Prayer for Forgiveness.**

1 Savior hear us
Through thy merit
Lowly bending at thy feet;
Oh, draw near us
By thy Spirit,
Prostrate at the mercy-seat.

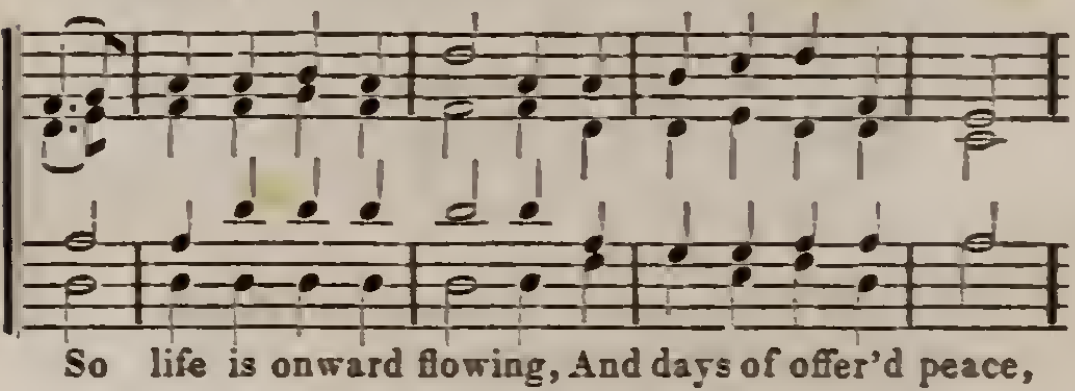
2 Wretched, sinful,
And unworthy;
Sick, and poor, and deaf, and blind:
Oft unmindful
While before thee
Of our need of such a friend.

3 Oh, how precious
Is the favor
Of forgiveness through thy blood:
Come thou gracious
Bleeding Savior,
Be our advocate with God.

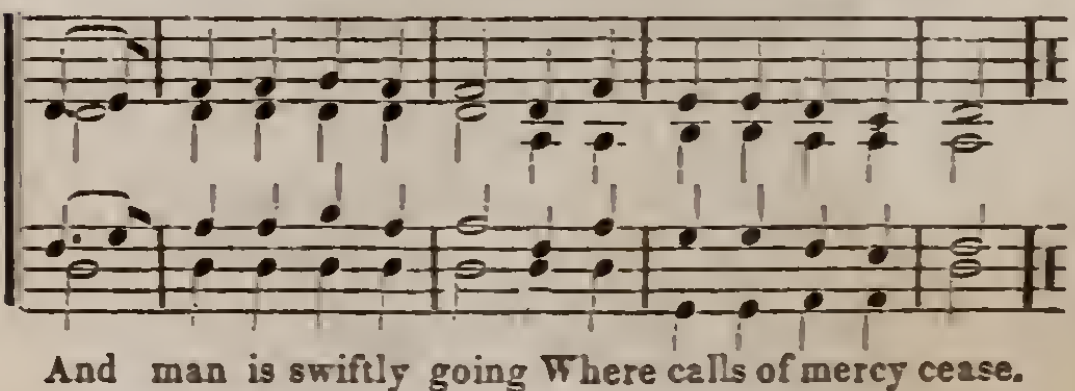
4 For the joys
Of thy salvation,
Still we raise our cries to thee,
Hear the voice
Of supplication,
Set our souls at liberty.

1. As flows the rap-id river, With channel broad and free,



Its waters rippling ev-er, And hast-ing to the sea;



So life is onward flowing, And days of offer'd peace,



And man is swiftly going Where calls of mercy cease.

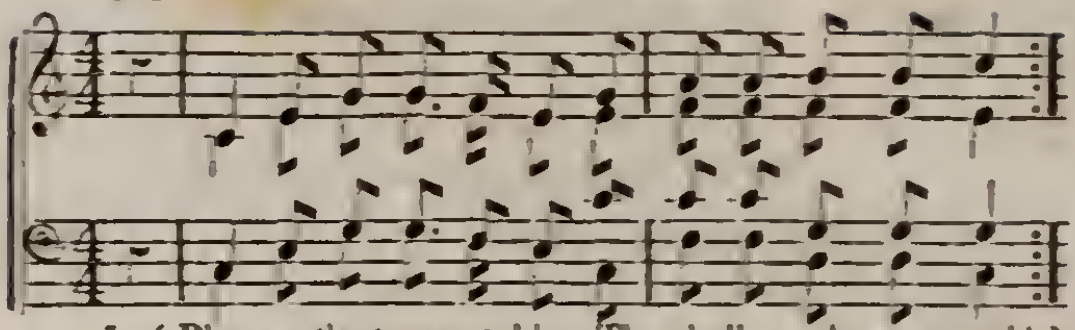
77 **As flows the rapid river.**

1 As flows the rapid river,
With channel broad and free,
Its waters rippling ever,
And hasting to the sea;
So life is onward flowing,
And days of offer'd peace,
And man is swiftly going
Where calls of mercy cease.

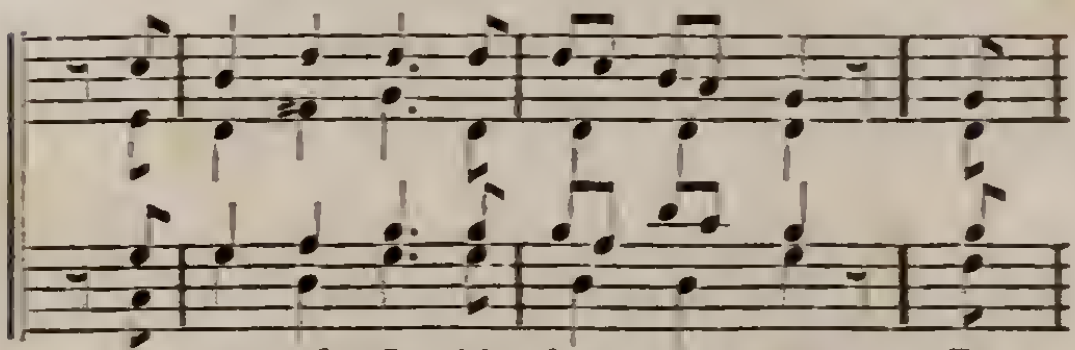
2 As moons are ever waning,
As hastes the sun away,
As stormy winds, complaining,
Bring on the wintry day;
So fast the night comes o'er us,
The darkness of the grave,
And death is just before us:
God takes the life he gave.

3 Say, gay one, is thy treasure
Laid up in worlds above?
And is it all thy pleasure,
Thy God to praise and love?
Beware, lest death's dark river
Its billows o'er thee roll;
And thou lament forever,
The ruin of thy soul.

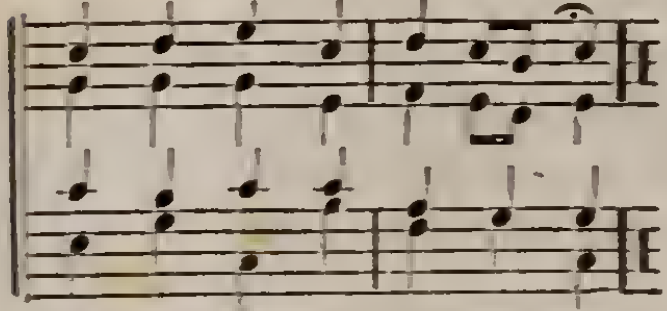
78 **Blow ye the trumpet.**



1. { Blow ye the trumpet, blow The gladly sol-emn sound! }
   { Let all the nations know To earth's re-mot-est bound; }



The year of Ju-bi-lee is come; Re--



turn, ye ransom'd children home.

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood
Through all the lands proclaim;
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd children home.

3 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And bless'd in Jesus live;
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransom'd children home.

4 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pard'ning grace;
Ye happy souls draw near,
Behold your Savior's face;
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd children home.

5 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits rest;
Ye mourning souls, be glad!
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd children home.

---

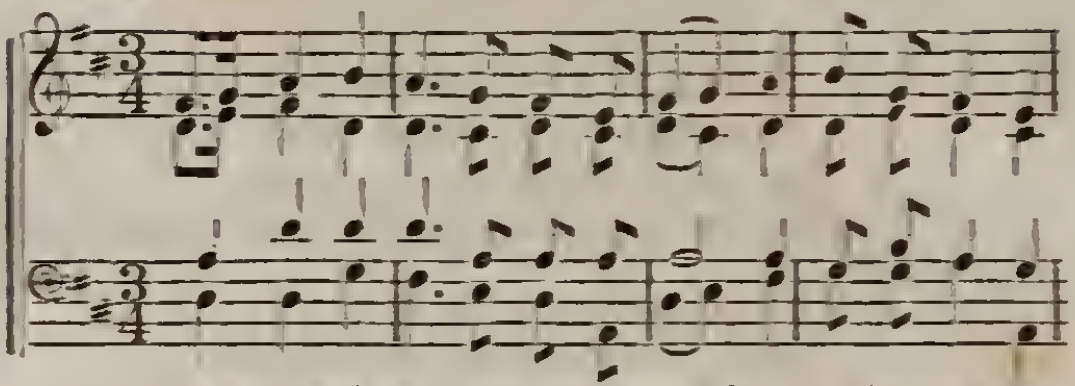
79 **Grieve not the Spirit. S. M.**

1 Forbid it, Lord, that we,
Who from thy hand receive
The Spirit's power to make us free,
Should e'er that Spirit grieve!

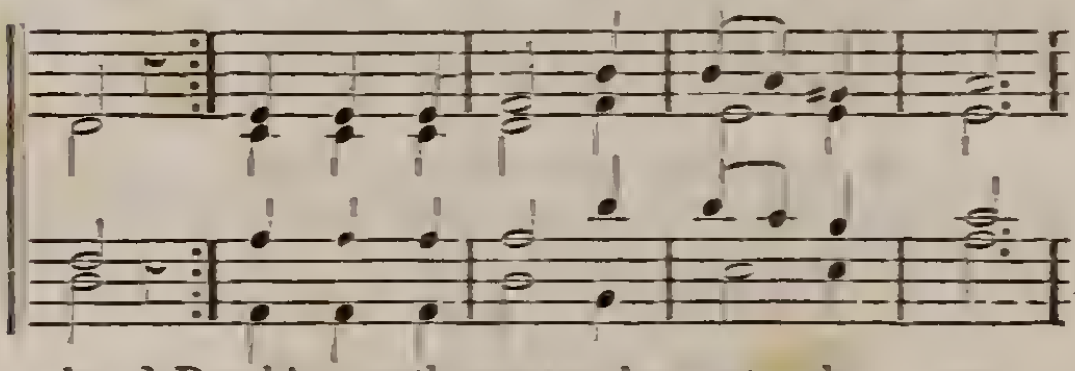
2 Oh, keep our faith alive,
Help us to watch and pray;
Lest, by our carelessness, we drive
The sacred guest away!

3 Lord, make us wholly thine,
And in our hearts of stone,
Let grace, with purer lustre, shine,
And mark us for thine own!

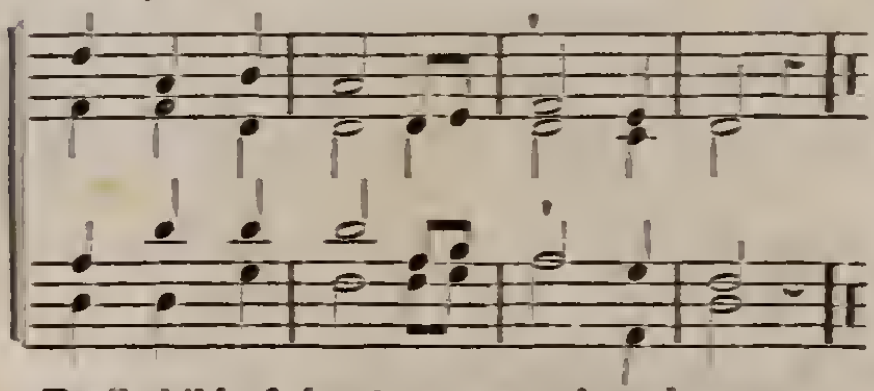
80 **Take heed—watch and pray.** Matt. 13: 33.



1. { Go watch and pray, thou canst not tell How near thine hour may
{ Thou canst not know how soon the bell May toll its notes for



be; } Death's countless snares be - set thy way;
thee: }



Frail child of dust! go watch and pray.

2 Fond youth, while free from blighting care,
Does thy firm pulse beat high?
Do hope's glad visions, bright and fair,
Dilate before thine eye?
Soon thou must change, must pass away;
Frail child of dust! go watch and pray.

3 Thou aged man! life's wintry storm,
Hath sear'd thy vernal bloom;
With trembling limbs and wasting form,
Thou'rt bending o'er the tomb:
And can vain hope lead *thee* astray?
Go, weary pilgrim! watch and pray.

4 Ambition, stop thy panting breath!
Pride, sink thy lifted eye!
Behold the caverns dark with death,
Before you open lie;
The heavenly warning now obey;
Ye sons of pride, go watch and pray.

---

81 **Grieve not the Spirit. C. M.**

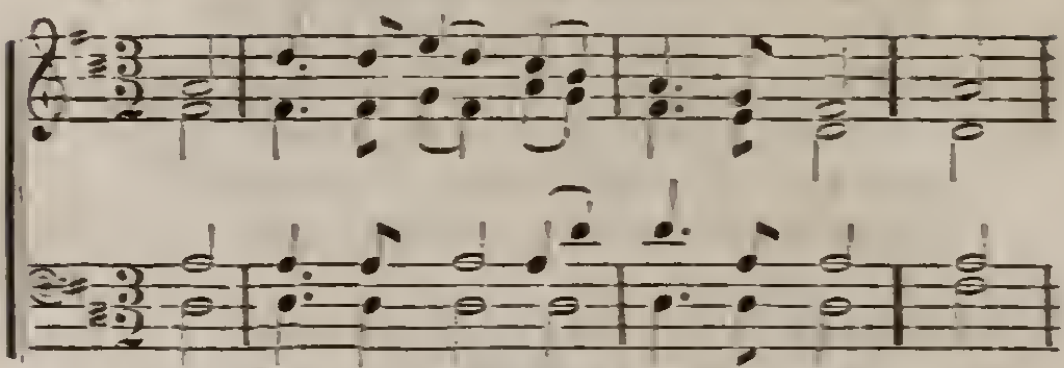
1 Grieve not the Spirit of the Lord,
The holy one from heaven;
The Comforter, beloved, ador'd!
To man in mercy given.

2 Grieve not the Spirit of the Lord,
He will not always strive;
Go, tremble, sinner, at his word
Awake, repent, and live.

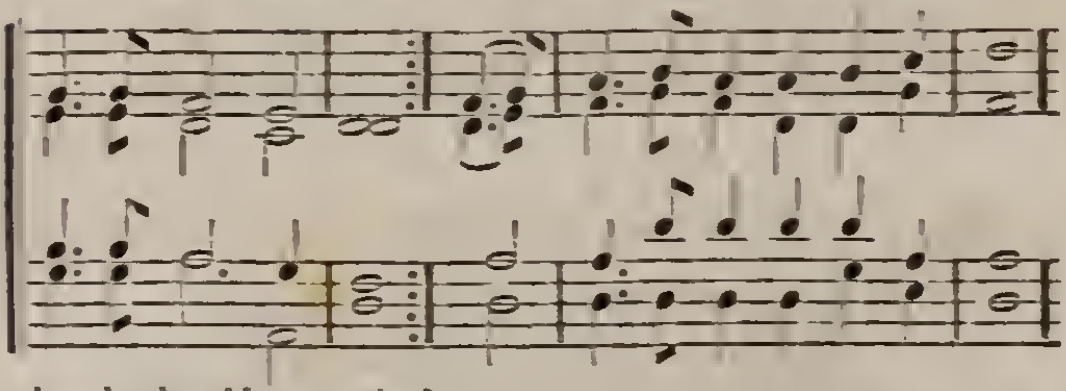
3 Grieve not the Spirit of the Lord,
Behold he now is near,
Oh, be his aid in faith implored—
His sacred presence here.

4 Grieve not the Spirit of the Lord,
Ye children of his grace;
With grateful hearts his love reward,
Whose presence fills the place.

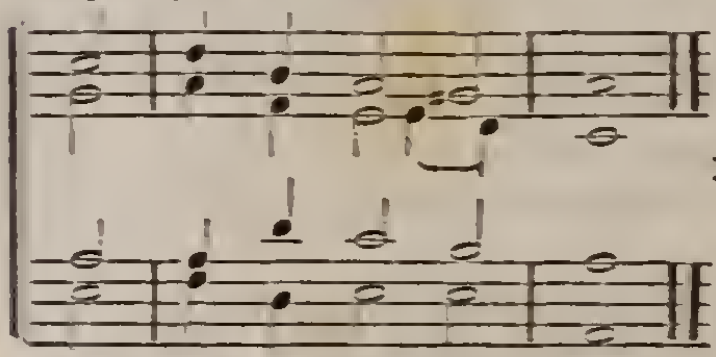
82 **Lively Hope and Holy Fear.**



1. { I was a grov'ling creature once, And
   { I want-ed spir - it to renounce The
   Such wings, as clothe an an-gel's form, The



basely cleav'd to earth: }
clod that gave me birth. } 2. But God has breath'd upon a worm,
wings of joy and love.



D. C.

And sent me from a - bove,

3 With these to Pisgah's top I fly,
And there delighted stand,
To view, beneath a shining sky,
The spacious promis'd land.

4 The Lord of all the vast domain
Has promis'd it to me;
The length and breadth of all the plain,
As far as faith can see.

5 How glorious is my privilege!
To thee for help I call;
I stand upon a mountain's edge,
Oh save me, lest I fall!

6 Though much exalted in the Lord,
My strength is not my own;
Then let me tremble at his word,
And none shall cast me down.

---

83 **True Happiness in God. 7s.**

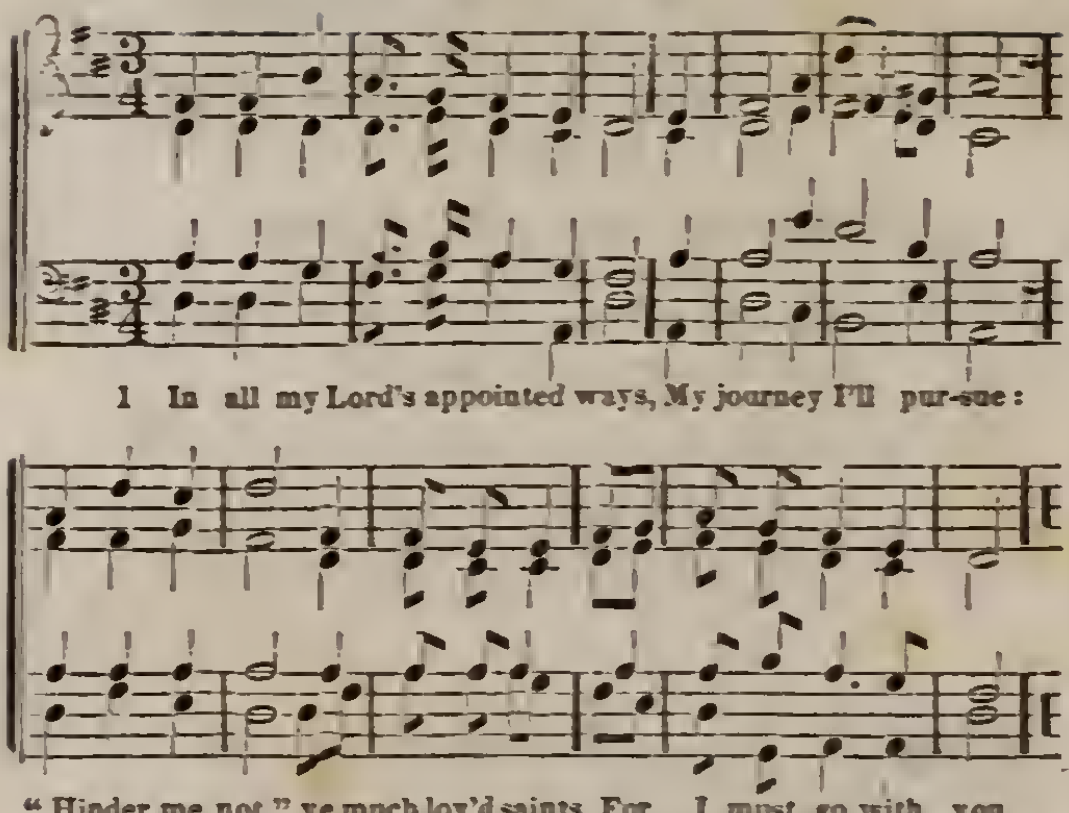
1 Take my heart, 'tis all thine own,
To thy will my spirit frame.
Thou shalt reign, O Lord, alone,
Over all I have or am.

2 If a foolish thought shall dare
To rebel against thy word,
Slay it, Lord, and do not spare,
Let it feel thy Spirit's sword.

3 Making thus the Lord my choice,
I have nothing more to choose,
But to listen to thy voice,
And my will in thine to lose.

4 Thus, whatever may betide,
I shall safe and happy be:
Still content and satisfied,
Having all, in having thee.

84 **Hinder me not.**



2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus leads,
I'll follow where he goes;
"Hinder me not," shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.

3 Through duty and through trials too,
I'll go at his command;
"Hinder me not," for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.

4 And when my Savior calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be,
"Hinder me not," come, welcome death,
I'll gladly go with thee.

85 **The World Renounced. C. M.**

1 Let worldly minds the world pursue,
It has no charms for me;
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace has set me free.

2 As by the light of opening day
The stars are all conceal'd;
So earthly pleasures fade away
When Jesus is reveal'd.

3 Creatures no more divide my choice;
I bid them all depart;
His name, and love, and gracious voice,
Have fix'd my roving heart.

4 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to thee;
But may I hope that thou wilt own
A worthless worm like me?

6 Yes, though of sinners I'm the worst,
I cannot doubt thy will;
For, if thou hadst not lov'd me first,
I had refused thee still.

---

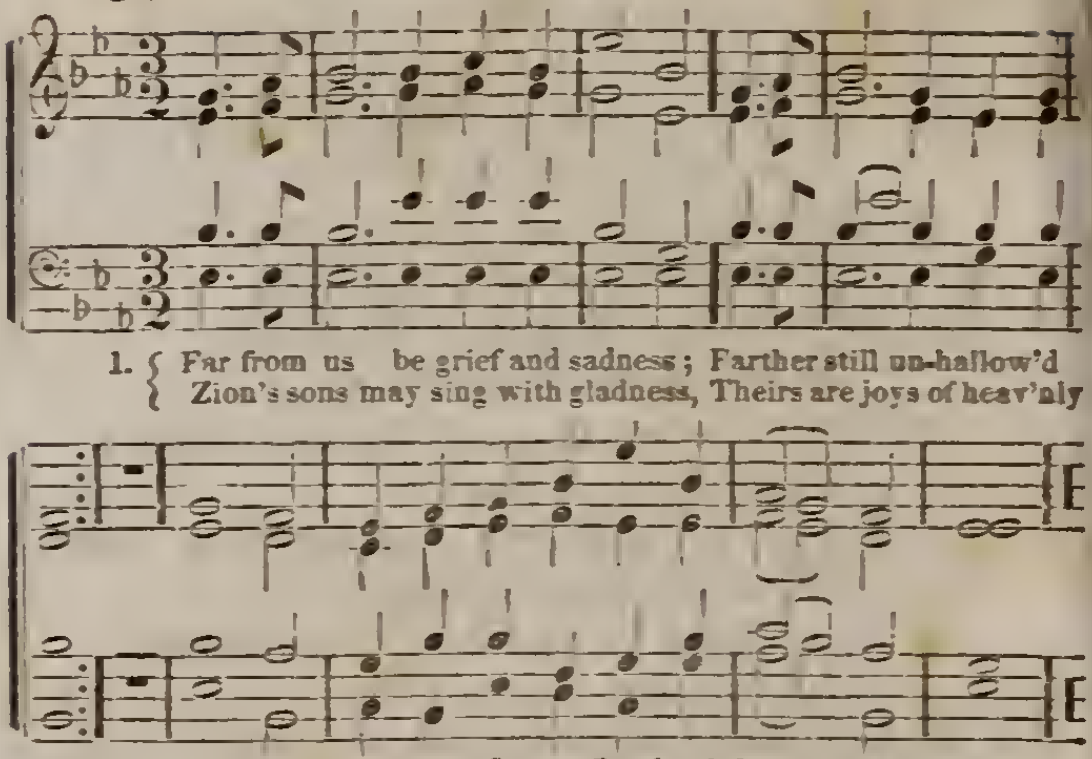
86 **Salvation by Grace.**

1 Amazing grace! how sweet the sound,
That sav'd a wretch like me;
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears reliev'd;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believ'd;

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

87 **Gladness of Heart.** Ps. 4: 7.


1. { Far from us be grief and sadness; Farther still un-hallow'd
{ Zion's sons may sing with gladness, Theirs are joys of heav'nly
mirth; } Je - sus owns them, Je-sus, Lord of heav'n and earth.
birth; }

2 All the worldling's mirth is sadness,
All his labors fruitless toil:
'Tis the saints that taste of gladness,
Though the world their choice revile:
Sweet their portion:
Life is in the Savior's smile.

3 Worlds would seem as nothing to us,
Balanc'd with a Savior's love:
Since the Lord in mercy drew us,
Drew our souls to things above,
Earthly objects
Can no longer greatly move.

4 Once the world was all our treasure,
Then its joys our hearts possess'd;
Now we taste sublimer pleasure,
Since the Lord hath made us blest;
We can witness
Jesus gives his people rest.

88 Rejoice in hope of the Glory of God. 8s & 7s. Rom. 5:2.

1 Know, my soul, thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear and care;
Joy to find, in every station,
Something still to do or bear.
Think what spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine!
Think what Jesus did to win thee:
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

2 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Arm'd by faith and wing'd by prayer;
Heav'n's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission;
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days:
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

---

89 Consecration to God. C. M.

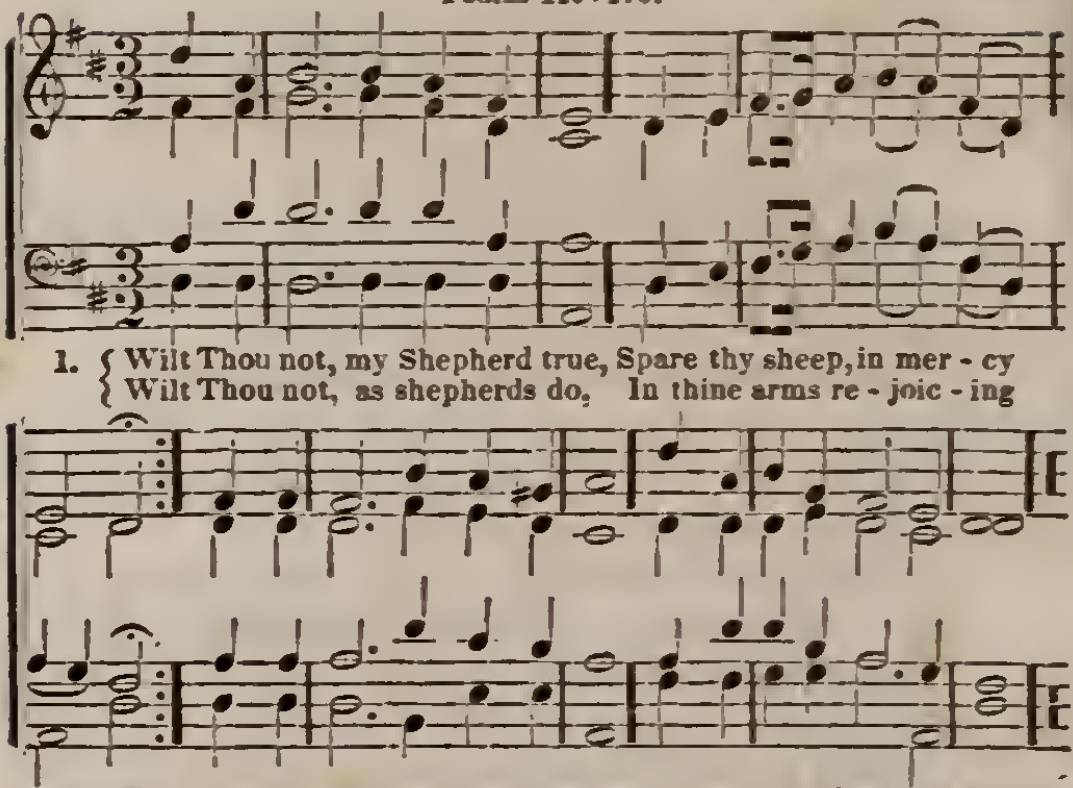
1 Lord, take my heart just as it is,
Set up therein thy throne;
Oh, may I love thee more than all,
And live to thee alone.

2 Complete thy work and crown thy grace,
That I may faithful prove!
And ever hear my Savior's voice,
That only whispers love:

3 That teaches me what is thy will,
And tells me what to do;
That covers me with shame, when I
Do not that will pursue.

4 This unction may I ever feel,
This teaching from my Lord;
And learn obedience to thy voice,
Thy soft reviving word.

I have gone astray like a lost sheep; Lord, seek thy servant.
Psalm 119: 176.


1. { Wilt Thou not, my Shepherd true, Spare thy sheep, in mer - cy
{ Wilt Thou not, as shepherds do, In thine arms re - joic - ing
spare me? } Bear me where all troubles cease, Home to folds of joy & peace.
bear me; }

2 See how I have gone astray,
How the world has oft misled me:
Bring me back into the way;
In thine own green pastures lead me:
Gather me within thy fold,
Where thy lambs thy light behold.

3 Lord! I here am sore beset,
Fears at every step confound me;
Lo! my foes have spread their net,
And with craft and might surround me:
Such their snares on every side,
Safe thy sheep can ne'er abide.

4 Jesus, Lord! my Shepherd true,
Oh from wolves thy sheep deliver;
Help, as shepherds wont to do,
From their jaws preseve me ever:
Bid thy trembling wanderer come
To his everlasting home.

91 **Rejoicing in the ways of God. S. M.**

1 Now let our voices join
To form a sacred song;
We, pilgrims in Jehovah's ways,
With praise should pass along.

2 How straight the path appears,
How open and how fair,
No lurking snares to trap our feet,
No fierce destroyer there.

3 But flowers of paradise,
In rich profusion spring;
The sun of glory gilds the path,
And dear companions sing.

4 See! Salem's golden towers,
In beauteous prospect rise;
And brighter crowns than mortals wear,
Are sparkling through the skies.

5 All honor to his name,
Who marks the heavenly way,
To him who leads the wand'rers on
To realms of endless day.

---

92 **Joined to God's people. 7s.**

1 People of the living God!
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort no where found.

2 Now to you my spirit turns,
Turns, a fugitive unblest;
Brethren! where your altar burns,
Oh, receive me into rest.

3 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave.

4 Mine the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my soul no more,
Every idol I resign.

93 **Grieve not the Spirit. S. M.**

1 And canst thou, sinner, slight
The call of love divine?
Shall God with tenderness invite,
And gain no thought of thine?

2 Wilt thou not cease to grieve
The Spirit from thy breast,
Till he thy wretched soul shall leave
With all thy sins oppress?

3 To-day, a pardoning God
Will hear the suppliant pray;
To-day, a Savior's cleansing blood
Will wash thy guilt away.

4 But grace, so dearly bought,
If yet thou wilt despise,
Thy fearful doom, with vengeance fraught,
Will fill thee with surprise.

---

94 **Supreme Devotion to God.**

1 In brightest hours of blooming youth,
My God, I've felt, and owned thy truth;
Thy mercies with increasing age,
Shall still my grateful heart engage.

2 No human power shall e'er control
This settled purpose of my soul;
Or urge my constant mind to stray
From wisdom's straight and narrow way.

3 To thee, O Lord, myself I give,
'Tis to thy glory I would live;
My God, my strength, my hope, my joy,
Thy praise shall all my powers employ.

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